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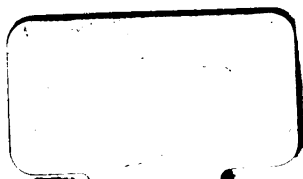


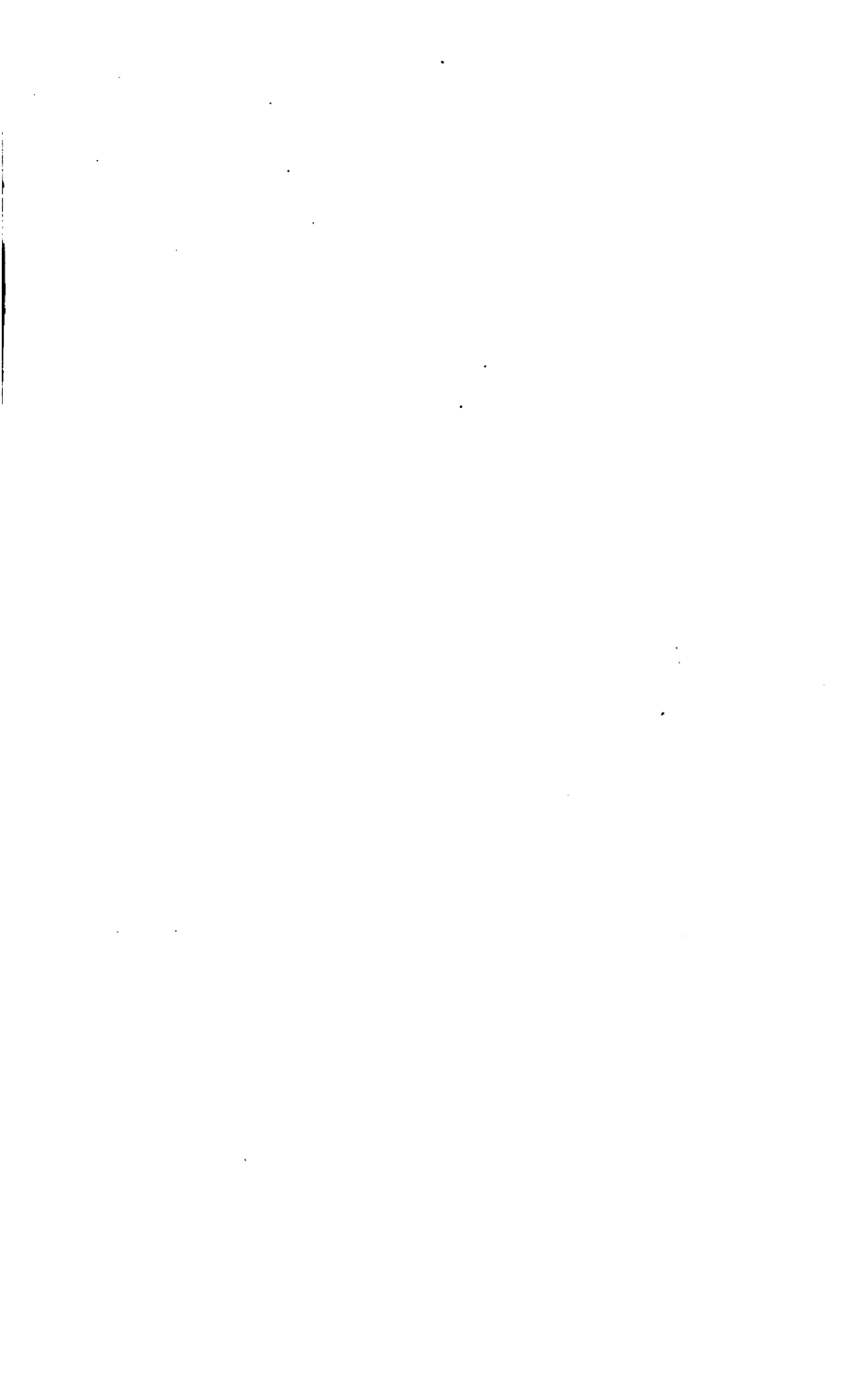
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THE CRUISE
OF THE
FLEUR-DE-LYS

IN THE
MEDITERRANEAN

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The
Cruise of the Fleur-de-Lys
in
The Mediterranean

LEWIS A. STIMSON

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THE cruise of which the following is an account was made in the spring and summer of 1904. To it is added an account of a portion of a similar cruise made in 1901. In the earlier cruise the yacht sailed from New York about March 15th, was joined by the party at Gibraltar a month later, and sailed thence directly to Palermo; then Malta was visited, Greece, the Ægean islands, the Gulf of Corinth, and the Adriatic. On the return the west coast of Italy was skirted as far as Leghorn, and we sailed for home from Gibraltar July 20th, taking the long southerly route by Madeira, and reaching home August 17th.

On the second cruise the yacht sailed from New York early in April, was joined at Gibraltar May 5th, and then cruised along the north coast of Africa, nearly all the coast of Sicily, and the Dalmatian coast to Venice. Returning, we visited Naples, Elba, and Nice, and sailed from Gibraltar for home August 4th, by way of the Azores, arriving September 3d. If the west coast of Italy and Nice had been omitted, it would probably not have been difficult to include Greece and the Ægean in the latter trip in the same time, or at least at the cost of not more than a fortnight. As such a variation might appeal to some, that portion of the first trip has been included in this account of the second. The only heavy weather encountered in the Mediterranean was a week's gale in

April, a short one in the upper Adriatic in June, and another at Leghorn in July—all in the first trip. It was never uncomfortably warm on the boat, the warmest weather being in the neighborhood of Nice in July, and even in the excursions on shore the heat was less felt than in summer journeyings near New York.

In both of the outward voyages there was a good deal of heavy weather; one consumed twenty-eight, the other thirty, days. The return voyages, excluding the stops at Madeira and St. Michaels, occupied exactly four weeks. In the first we went as far south as latitude 24° and had delightful weather throughout, never reefing or even stowing the topsails. In the second the winds were light, but generally favorable, except for one day's encounter with a circular storm. The distance traversed in the first was 4300 miles; in the second, 3400.

The average day's sailing in the Mediterranean in the first trip was eighty miles; in the second, until July, a little above one hundred, but during that month it fell below sixty.

The navigation of the Mediterranean in this season is easy and safe. Thunderstorms arising among the mountains are occasionally met, but we always had sufficient warning of their approach.

The harbors are numerous, and most of them have been made commodious and well-sheltered by extensive moles and breakwaters. Pilots habitually come out in small boats to take the ships to moorings; their employment is not compulsory, and their charges, fixed by ordinance, are moderate. The highest we paid was thirty francs, at Palermo.

CHARTS.—The U. S. Hydrographic Office publishes a large chart of the Mediterranean in three sheets—eastern, middle, and western,—one of the approach to it, including the Azores and Madeira, and one of the Straits of Gibraltar. Excellent detail charts, published by the British Admiralty, can be had at moderate cost. Ours were obtained through John Bliss & Co., 128 Front Street, New York City. The U. S. Hydrographic Office has prepared for the officers of the Navy a list of its own and the British charts of the world, arranged in geographical sequence, by the aid of which a selection can be conveniently made.

The *Mediterranean Pilot*, in four volumes, contains valuable and interesting information, but is unduly alarming in its account of the dangers and perils that may be encountered.

No pilot was employed, except for entering some ports, the charts being so full and detailed that we could find our way without difficulty, even among the islands of the Dalmatian coast; but one day we took a tow from Spalato to Zara, with a stop at Sebenico, because time pressed and we feared to be delayed at the long, narrow passage ten miles south of Zara. Tugs are to be had at all the larger ports, but we used them only at Gibraltar, Algiers, Venice, and the Peiræus: at the first because of failing wind, at the others because the port was crowded or the channel tortuous. We went into Naples and Venice once under the tow of our own launch.

SUPPLIES.—At Gibraltar supplies of all kinds are abundant, and at Algiers we found well-stocked stores, although we had occasion to purchase but little there. In Italy canned foods are scarce and very dear, and

nowhere in the Mediterranean could we find ham or bacon except in small quantities and at very high prices. If there is sufficient room in the yacht it is advisable to carry all the canned food that may be required, except perhaps milk, which can be had nearly everywhere. Ground coffee spoils very quickly on exposure to the air; if carried it should be in hermetically closed packages only large enough for two or three days' use. We found it easy to get good roasted coffee, and ground it as needed. Kerosene also is very dear in Italy, but was cheap in Austria. We used a good deal of it in the launch. Coal is poor and smoky, and we found it much better to use coke or charcoal for cooking. Coke can be had in most places and charcoal everywhere; their use kept the deck free from smoke, and the galley was cooler. The cook at first viewed charcoal askance, but soon showed for it all the enthusiasm of a proselyte.

Water at Gibraltar, Algeria, Spalato, Naples, and Villefranche was apparently wholesome and well protected against infection. At Gibraltar it is rain-water collected from areas on the side of the rock arranged for the purpose; at the other places it was drawn from distant springs on sparsely settled hillsides. We carried a Pasteur filter of seven bougies, which proved large enough for the galley; but in the cabin we exclusively used bottled water, getting Mattoni-Gieshübler in Austria, Nocera in Italy, and St. Galmier and Evian in France.

The *Fleur-de-Lys* is a schooner of 86 tons, 87 feet water-line, 108 feet over all, and nearly 14 feet draught. Primarily a cruising yacht, she is yet sufficiently sparred to make good progress in light

weather. The rig was not shortened for the ocean passages, and she has often proved herself able to carry it with comfort and safety in heavy weather.

The prevalent light winds in the Mediterranean in summer are a great temptation to carry the large light sails so freely used on our own coast, but I have come to the opinion that a square foresail would probably be an advantageous substitute for the spinnaker. We met several yachts so rigged. With a raphe it could be made to spread almost as much available canvas as a spinnaker, and could be much more easily set and shifted. It would also permit the course to be safely held with the wind directly aft and a considerable sea. It is exasperating to have to steer a couple of points off the course with a free wind, to beat to leeward as well as to windward, through fear of having the mainsail jibed over in some sharp roll.

It would hardly be prudent to select a boat that was fit only for light weather; the season would hardly pass without at least one sharp blow, and the sea makes quickly and is disagreeably short. Although there are many ports and islands or headlands where shelter could be found, yet the ship should be able to last through a hard blow and to carry sail enough in one to work off a leeshore. The harbors are so deep and shoal water is so infrequent that any reasonable draught can be carried. If the model is one that combines seaworthiness with easy progress in light winds, delays may be avoided which might seem to the impatient voyager a large price to pay for absolute security.

A launch is useful for excursions and occasionally to tow into or out of harbors, or away from some foul

ground toward which a current may be setting. Our launch used kerosene as fuel, which could always be obtained, as is not the case, I believe, with naphtha.

Some small devices added materially to comfort on deck and in the saloon. Scupper-valves—square pads of leather or rubber, tacked along the vertical side in front of the outboard scupper holes and overlapping them,—keep the water from rushing in when the ship is heeled, and thus make the lee side of the deck fit for comfortable occupation, which the shade of the sail sometimes makes desirable. The pads do not obstruct the escape of water which reaches the deck through any other channel. In rough, cold weather a comfortable sheltered seat can be arranged under the weather rail by a deck cushion and a short plank placed vertically against the rail to support the back; and a canvas wind- or sun-screen can be adjusted to a steamer chair by two light iron rods, fixed in eye-bolts at the back and bent forward over the head of the occupant, a rough imitation of the Scheveningen chair. A standing, bell-mouthed deck ventilator adds greatly to the freshness and coolness of a state-room. In the saloon we found it a great convenience to shift the table from the centre to a corner, where two or three could sit upon the fixed seats instead of chairs; and a small wooden wedge, placed under the lee side of a plate, leaves both hands and the attention free, and makes the position of the lee guest less perilous.

Those to whom considerations of health specially appeal may be interested to know that our party—the same in four cruises—always thrived, and that we all believe the time could not have been spent more

wholesomely. In its effect upon body-weight we were surprised and pleased. We expected that the sedentary life, the inability to take regular exercise, combined with the stimulus of the open air, would add to our weight, but, on the contrary, we all lost weight and did so each time. Mine fell regularly from 185 or 190 pounds to 170, or even less, with a distinct increase in comfort and the sense of well-being. I attribute it to the constant living in the open air, day and night, and to the simplicity and moderation of the table. A diet of canned foods does not lend itself to multiplicity of courses or variety of dishes, and our meals, while always welcomed with appetite, were very simple. Fresh meat could scarcely be carried for more than a day, and the canned substitutes were often absent from the table for several successive meals; spaghetti and Boston baked beans took its place continuously and were never wearied of. Canned soups, brought from home, were always used at lunch and dinner and sometimes between meals. Artichokes lasted until July, and lettuce and tomatoes could always be carried for a week and sometimes for a fortnight. Oranges and lemons lasted throughout the trip; cherries, figs, and pears were abundant in June and July. We used the native red and white wines freely, with only one slight intimation that French clarets might have done better by us than the somewhat heavier Spanish and Italian wines.

As for exercise, there is perhaps more of it involved in getting about the deck and in the automatic maintenance of equilibrium, even when seated, than would be supposed. At any rate the health of the party gave no indication that it was missed.

I am often asked if it was not tedious, if we should not have preferred a steam yacht or an auxiliary. I have no hesitation in replying "No" to both questions. Yachting under steam and yachting under sail are two radically different things. In one you sail in order to get somewhere, and the sailing is an incident; in the other you sail for the sake of sailing, and the arrival is the incident. No one planning a cruise under sail should have a time schedule. He must be content to arrive when he gets there, and must find his pleasure in his daily, his hourly experience. When the wind fails he finds pleasurable anticipation in watching a coming cloud or a darkening ripple on the distant water, and when the breeze does come the past is forgotten in the joy of the swelling sails, the bending spars, and the rush of the water past the side. No, if there were always a breeze it would pall. If we were always happy and fortunate we should not know it. For one who loves the sea, for one to whom the boat is an almost sentient being with whims, fancies, and an individuality, and for whom every varying mood of sea and sky has interest and charm, steam can never take the place of sails, and even auxiliary power will be spurned until years and growing need of little comforts and luxuries force an unwilling acceptance.

Life on board quickly finds a routine which speeds the hours with flying feet, and every variation in wind or sea brings an interest. Even in the momentary awakenings at night the mind takes interested notice of the ripple by the side, the heeling or the motion of the boat, to judge the strength and direction of the wind or the changes of the weather. Our girls soon grew

so expert that they knew before coming on deck in the morning what the night had done, and their first glance from the companionway was to the trim of the sails and the appearance to windward, and the first question was to ask the course. They could estimate the speed, or judge the trim, or make a good suggestion as well as any one; and of course the attention which gave them that power grew from, and developed, interest.

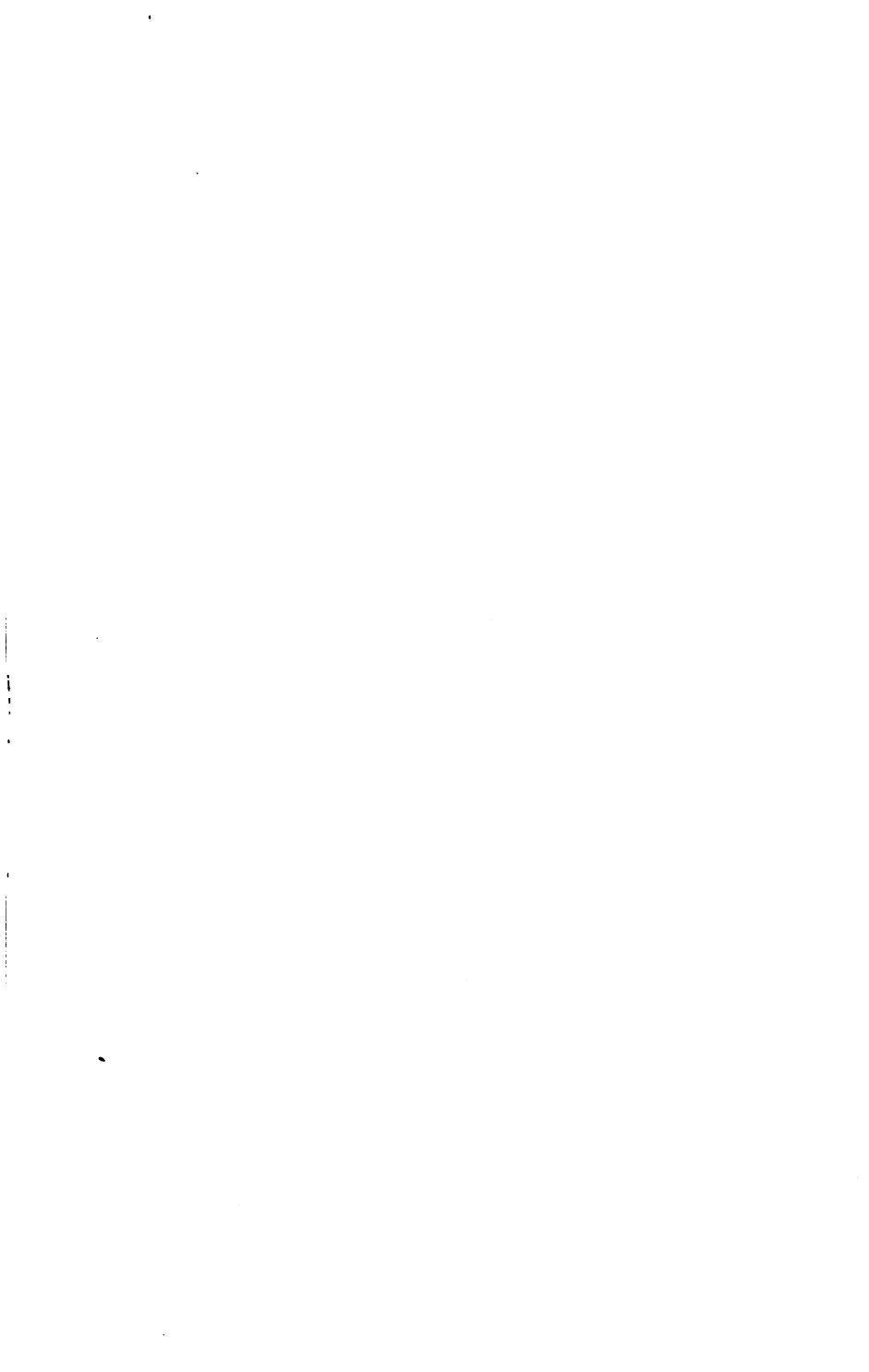
We carried a good library, light and serious, and often read aloud together, the actuality of the subjects being often increased by the coasts we were skirting or the places we were visiting. Backgammon could always be played on deck, whatever the weather, and one of the party was always ready to play it. Cards of an evening occasionally, but as a rule the evenings were spent on deck in quiet enjoyment of the fading scene, and all retired early. Needlework occupied many hours, and became a passion after our visit to Bologna and introduction to Emilian art. Without it and beadwork time would certainly have passed much less pleasantly for the ladies.

Among the books which we found locally useful and interesting were the Baedekers for the countries visited: *Northern, Southern, and Central Italy, Greece, and Austria* for the Dalmatian coast; Hare, *Southern Italy*; Murray's *Handbook for Algiers*. In history: Fisher, *Outlines of Universal History*; Freeman, *Sicily*; Abbott, *Pericles*; Hodgkin, *Invaders of Italy* (at least the first four volumes); Fyffe, *History of Modern Europe*. For Africa: Maupassant, *La Vie Errante*; Daudet, *Tartarin de Tarascon*; Field, *The Barbary Coast*. For Sicily: Paton, *Picturesque*

Sicily; and *Thucydides* for Syracuse. For Greece: Harper's *Cyclopedia of Classical Literature and Antiquities*; Pausanias; Byron's *Childe Harold*; Richardson, *Vacation Days in Greece*, containing also something for Sicily and Dalmatia; About, *La Grèce contemporaine* and *Le Roi des Montagnes*; Deschamps, *La Grèce d'aujourd'hui*; Gardner's small *Handbook of Greek Sculpture* (invaluable on the spot); Mahaffy, *Rambles and Studies in Greece*; Phillips, *War of Greek Independence*; Barrows, *The Isles and Shrines of Greece*. For Italy: Symonds, *Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece*; Howells, *Italian Journeys*, *Venetian Days*, *Tuscan Cities*; Brown, *Life on the Lagoons* (Venice); Carmichael, *In Tuscany*; Munro, *Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Dalmatia*; Marion Crawford, *Rulers of the South*.

The yacht sailed from New York, April 2d, and at once encountered a northeast gale; she ran to the southeast for two days, and then had delightful weather to the Azores. Then the wind came strong from the east and southeast and held for twelve days; following the plan which had worked so well at the start, the captain took the wind and sea abeam, and was carried 150 miles south of Gibraltar; then the wind backed toward the north and he made the port (May 2d) on the same tack.

We sailed from New York, April 23d, and arrived at Gibraltar, May 3d. Leaving the yacht to shift sails and get supplies, we took the steamer to Tangiers, a pleasant sail of about two hours, and spent





SUMMER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN



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the afternoon in walking about the town and taking a ride through the environs. The next morning was similarly spent, and we returned to Gibraltar at noon, and spent the night at the Hotel Reina Cristina in Algeciras, a half-hour's sail across the bay. The next day was spent in a drive to a cork forest in Spain, returning past the head of the bay to Gibraltar in the afternoon.

These two trips were made easy and satisfactory by a guide whom we found in Gibraltar,—a lordly gentleman, against whom some of our fellow-passengers on the steamer had been warned. We found him entirely satisfactory, and his knowledge of what was to be seen and how to see it saved us trouble and time, and also made us acquainted with white truffles and a native mineral soap which did not rise to his representations.

The town of Tangiers lies on the west side of a broad bay, widely open to the north; the anchorage ground is extensive and the bottom sandy, and doubtless a boat could lie there in safety in the quiet season. But if the boat is at Gibraltar it would be better to leave her there and visit Tangiers by the usual tourist means. Although Tangiers is far more distinctly African than any of the coast towns in Algeria and well worth a visit, not much time is required for it, and the hotel is sufficiently comfortable and clean. Certainly, if one is going into the interior of Algeria, a day is all that is needed for Tangiers, for it has only the novelty of its people, their costumes, and the environment to attract and reward attention. One soon tires of walking or riding on horseback through its narrow, dirty streets, and inspecting its common little

shops with their medley of articles, mostly coarse and common, and the unpleasant haggling over prices. The sight of so much that is novel and bizarre, in face, figure, and costume, the crowded market-place, the camels, the snake-charmers, the jolly "man from Timbuctoo" who visited America with Barnum and repeats the names of its cities while he dances and clashes his cymbals for the expected reward, greatly interest but soon grow monotonous; and the beautiful ride along the coast to the westward need not occupy more than a couple of hours. Although many of our fellow passengers staid over another day, we were quite ready to return at noon and found our stay at the charming hotel at Algeciras, and the next day's ride in Spain, a most agreeable substitute.

Gibraltar possesses a well-sheltered harbor and abundant facilities for repairs and outfitting. There is a time-ball at Europa Point, and the time can also be got from the office by telephone. There are a number of tugboats, sea-going as well as small, and a wrecking vessel belonging to a Scandinavian company. We towed in once from beyond Europa Point for £2, and towed out, well past Cape Spartel—45 miles—for £10. The attractions of the town itself do not require much time, and the hotels do not invite a prolonged stay. It is an important travelling centre, with more or less regular communication by sea with many Mediterranean ports. Granada can be reached by rail in about twelve hours from Algeciras. Granada, Cordova, and Seville can be visited in a tour of six or seven days.

NORTH AFRICA

We sailed from Gibraltar on the morning of May 6th, with a fresh westerly breeze which lasted until we reached Algiers at daybreak, May 9th—430 miles. On the afternoon of the 8th we ran in toward the land, proposing to visit the Roman ruins at Cherchel, but the sea was too heavy to permit landing by boat. Throughout most of the voyage the mountains of Spain or Africa are visible, and specially at evening the snow-clad Sierra Nevada (11,000 feet high) shows beautifully. The current sets steadily toward the east, and is said to be strongest near the African coast.

A pilot came out at Algiers with a small tug, and we accepted the aid of both to pass in between the two moles and moor at one of the buoys, although neither was necessary.

Algiers, well named *la blanche*, is a bit of Paris in an African setting. The city is situated at the foot and on the sides of a line of hills skirting the water. Along the water-front, and thirty or forty feet above it, runs a boulevard which in either broad or detailed appearance might be a portion of the Rue de Rivoli. The same color and architecture in the houses, the same arcades, the same shape, color, and lettering of the signs; the only difference in the larger proportion of offices and cafés and the smaller of shops. From this straight piece of Paris run backward short bits of a dingier Paris, to a parallel thoroughfare where is the life of Algiers,—a narrow street with low arcades over narrow, crowded sidewalks and a jumble of Arab and colonial shops, where European and Arab influences and manners have met to produce a patently sordid

and often squalid compromise, as unattractive and even repellent as such compromises usually are. The costumes show the same interaction of influences, the same acceptance of compromise. Between the pure types are all combinations, and the combining extends to language and ideas. A Maltese or an Italian wears a fez and rides on the haunches of a diminutive donkey; an Arab boy, with an Arab scantiness of European clothing and a New York blacking-box, accosts you with, "Shine, sir?"

As an example of Arab life and manners Algiers is imperfect, and if it is to be accepted as a French colonial city, it shows that, except in the administration, there is much less in it of French than of other nationalities, notably Italian and Maltese. If one wishes to see an Arab town let him go to Tangiers or Biskra. Algiers is not a type, or at most is a type only of what might be of interest to a student of sociology or to a minister of colonial affairs. It seemed plain that what draws so many Europeans and Americans to it in the winter and spring lies not in the city, but in its suburbs, on the hill of Mustapha Supérieur, in the lovely views of the sea and the mountains, the brightness, the color, the warmth—in nature, not in man.

And yet, while modification and compromise are so general, it may be remembered that many examples of a pure type are to be seen. Not only is the Arab portion of the city materially unchanged,—the same narrow, crooked streets, the same projecting second stories, the same repellent exteriors with occasional glimpses of a vastly different interior,—but also many of the men and women are typically clad, and move

about with the same dignified, disregarding manner. The mosque may be run as a business by the Arab guardian who loans you slippers for a consideration and welcomes you as a source of income, but the few worshippers seated on its floor are apparently absorbed in prayer and meditation, and as regardless of your presence as if you were invisible. But environment counts for so much! and who can feel that a dozen Arabs crowded into an electric street-car are real Arabs, even if they are swathed from head to foot in the superfluous folds of a burnous.

For the yachtsman Algiers is of value. Its harbor is commodious and perfectly sheltered, its supplies abundant and varied, its commercial principles apparently settled and honest. The port charges, including one for a *passeport*, good in all French ports, are very small,—eight francs for us. The Custom-house, where the dues are to be paid, is close by a landing-place opposite the entrance; and the Health Office, where the ship's papers will be found before departure, is a little to the north of it. *Pratique* is given by an officer who comes aboard. The temperature on deck in the evening was 62°.

There are many automobiles in Algiers, and some of them on hire. We found a good one, seating four passengers, at Cook's. As the roads are excellent it is very convenient and comfortable to make such trips as are desired by automobile rather than by carriage or railway. The charge per day is from 100 to 120 francs, and the speed about thirty kilometres per hour. A pleasant day's trip is to Blidah and the Gorge of Chiffa. A three days' trip of great interest and beauty is to Fort National, spending the night

there; the next day crossing the mountains to Bougie on the coast, either southward at first by the Col de Tirourda, or north to Azasga and then across; and the third day to the grand Gorge of Chabet and back to Bougie or on to Sétif, a station on the railway. This gives not only the finest accessible mountain scenery, but it also takes the traveller through the heart of Kabylia, and gives him plentiful opportunity to observe the manners and mode of life of the race which seems to be the most industrious and respected in Algeria.

We left Algiers at 8.30 (May 12th), lunched at Tizi Oozou at noon—105 kilometres, started again at 3, and reached Fort National about 6 p.m. Although the sky was cloudless, the time the middle of May, and the automobile without a hood, we felt no discomfort from the heat, and even comfortably wore light overcoats to protect from the dust. The first half of the trip is made eastward along the littoral plain, with the mountains on the right showing many patches of snow; and shortly after leaving Tizi Oozou the road rises sharply to reach Fort National at a height of 3186 feet and a distance of twenty-six kilometres. Our machine, which was not at its best that day, found it a hard task to negotiate some of the grades, and we had to aid it by walking.

The country was covered with olive and fig trees, vineyards, and many fields of grain, mainly barley. The aspect was that of great fertility and plenty, although the profiles of the country were as broken and rugged as could be found in any mountain region: great gorges with steep sides and a brawling stream at the bottom, but covered with verdure to the very summit. As the higher levels are reached the Kabyle

villages appear, each perched upon its own hill-top, and from each issues a horde of half-naked youngsters, well-nourished and cheerful, intent on seeing the auto and begging for sous. All spoke French ("Un sou, M'soo; un sou, M'soo. Jette un sou"), and some of them tried as an additional lure the recital of a La Fontaine fable when we were stalled or moving slowly. Each village is a cluster of stone huts, windowless and chimneyless, with earthen floors and no furniture. But the adults asked for nothing, and even checked the children when their begging was too importunate, and were as free from any suggestion of repining or envy as a self-respecting workingman in any other country. The begging was evidently more of a game than an industry. Some of the younger women wore quantities of a coarse, home-made jewelry, mainly composed of bits of coral and red enamel set in some base metal to form brooches, necklaces, and bracelets.

Fort National (with a plain, clean little hotel and beautiful views) is mainly an army post, perched on a ridge between two great valleys and commanding the pass by the Col de Tirourda over the Djubal Mountains to the south. We were told the road was not open, at least for an automobile, because of snow and landslides, and as a new road building to Azasga was not quite completed we were obliged to return the next day nearly to Tizi Oozou and then turn eastward. The descent—twenty kilometres—was made in forty minutes. After lunching at Azasga we started again at noon for a climb of thirty kilometres along an excellent road through a beautiful forest to the summit of the pass—1010 metres; then a grand coast down to the valley and a run of twenty-six

kilometres along it to Bougie, where we found the yacht—140 kilometres for the day.

Bougie, a clean, busy little town on a steep hillside, lies on the western side of a broad, shoal bay, with a mole covering a small anchorage. Boats can anchor out in the roadstead or moor to the mole. It is protected by the land from westerly winds, and the mole is sufficient protection against most easterly ones. The yacht had come around from Algiers, about 125 miles, while we were making the Fort National trip, and we spent the night aboard.

The next day we rode thirty kilometres along the shore eastward, through miles of vineyards covering lands redeemed by drainage, and then up the river into and through the Gorge of Chabet,—the grandest thing of the kind we had ever seen. A narrow cleft between precipitous cliffs, 2000–3000 feet high, bare and rocky in part, covered with verdure in others, with the remains of a stream amid the water-worn rocks at the bottom, and seven miles long. The road has been built by blasting along the side of the cliff. Kharata, at the south end of the gorge, is about 1300 feet above the sea. There we lunched comfortably, returned in two hours to Bougie, and sailed at once for Philippeville, 110 miles distant. The wind was light and baffling through the night and the following day, and we did not reach our destination until noon of the second day (16th), sailing in past the mole and mooring to a buoy.

The harbor of Philippeville is artificial, constituted by a mole 1700 metres long, parallel to the shore, and is divided into an inner and outer basin by a short second mole running out from the shore, on which is

the office of the captain of the port. Vessels can lie within the inner harbor, moored to the quay or to one of three large buoys. Water can be had from hydrants on the quay at a charge of one franc per ton, and a hose can be hired from private parties. Coal can be had apparently in any quantities, and fresh meat and vegetables, but not much in the way of canned foods.

Railway communication with the interior, through Constantine, is infrequent and slow. Two passenger trains run daily to Constantine, one starting between 6 and 7 o'clock in the morning, the other at 3 P.M. in winter, and 4 P.M. after May 1st. The road rises rapidly on the slope of the coast range of mountains to a height of more than 2000 feet. The country is fertile and well watered, with fields of grain and abundant trees of many kinds. The afternoon sun was hot, but the air was fresh, and it grew cooler as the higher levels were reached, so that the journey—eighty-seven kilometres in three hours—was made with comfort.

Constantine is far more unique and interesting in its topography than any other city we visited, and only a slight examination is needed to show why it has always been so important a stronghold. It stands on a great flat-topped cliff with bare, vertical sides, many hundred feet high everywhere except at one corner, where the plateau of the city is continuous across a narrow ridge with the hills beyond. To the eastward the adjoining land is as high as the city, and is separated from it by a very deep, narrow ravine, of which the city cliff forms one side and through which flows the Rummel a scanty stream in May, but with ample

evidence upon the water-worn rocks at the bottom of vastly augmented volume in the rainy season.

The sight to which the traveller will first turn is the *Chemin des Touristes*, a pathway built along the east side of the ravine. It is entered by a stairway on the eastern hill at the south end, and begins as a platform suspended against the face of the cliff near its bottom, and continues as a pathway where the ravine is wider and its face more broken. It affords grand views of the cliffs, and takes the visitor beneath the remains of the Roman bridge and above or below, as he pleases, the natural bridges spanning the stream near the northern end. The trip must be made on foot, and, though toilsome, is well worth the effort. It can be cut short midway, without much loss, by ascending the western face to the city immediately after passing the bridge.

The three sections of the city are readily distinguished by the color and construction of the houses, the Arab being light blue, the Jewish whitewashed, and the intermediate French section of light yellow stone.

The Palace of Constantine is the old home of the Dey, fortunately preserved unchanged and unlooted by its occupation as headquarters after the capture of the city by the French in 1837. It is of relatively recent construction, and owes much of its interest to the fact that most of its embellishment is furnished by columns and marbles taken from Roman ruins and harmonized by the frequent addition of the crescent, by some fine Arab wood-carvings, and by ancient Delft and Persian tiles. Its builder was a collector of catholic taste and simple method. He took what he wanted from those who had, and when his palace

was finished there was but little left in the province worth taking. The interior walls are frescoed with representations of various cities and events in a kindergarten style of art, done by an Italian prisoner, whose work secured for him from his gratified master freedom and maintenance at the Court for the rest of his life.

The inhabitants are of the usual European-Arab-Jew combination, with perhaps a smaller proportion of the former than is seen in the coast towns; and the architecture is much less French than in Algiers. The banks and many shops are closed between twelve and two o'clock, and all business and play goes on very leisurely. We did not find the weather at all oppressive; it was much like New York in June, hot in the sun, but the air fresh, and the nights cool enough for blankets. Our hotel—the Grand—was clean and comfortable, with excellent plumbing and a balcony from which the varied scenes in the Place de la Brèche could be comfortably enjoyed.

From Constantine to Biskra there was but one train daily, starting at 8.30 A.M., and covering the 240 kilometres in about eight hours, with many tedious delays at the stations. It was undeniably a hot and fatiguing ride, the heat increasing in the afternoon as we descended toward the level of Biskra.

The road at first winds among low hills, slowly rising to a great plateau or tableland, thirty or forty miles long and broad, upon which Batna is situated, midway the route, at an elevation of 3350 feet, and later descending rapidly to the desert at Biskra, 350 feet above the sea. At first the country is fertile and well wooded, but as the tableland is fairly entered upon the trees disappear and the grain-fields grow

less numerous. Flocks of sheep and goats are seen, and also camels, and here and there a small group of low, flat, black tents stretched over a wall of earth or brush, or a small mud-walled hut, with a few horses, asses, and mules standing about. The few men seen near the flocks, or moving along the road which parallels the railway, are swathed in the burnous, and scarcely vouchsafe a look as we pass. The children seem wholly indifferent to the heat and run across the plain to gaze at the daily sight, after the manner of their kind elsewhere. The dresses of the women add a vivid note, being usually of bright red, sometimes of yellow; their faces are not veiled, and their appearance gains by distance.

The plateau is circumscribed by distant mountains showing a sharp, broken outline, and is itself broken by many rounded, subsidiary hills, whose basic rock shows roughly through the thin soil at their tops, while all the depressions between them and the whole plain itself are filled with a brown, tenacious soil, looking like dried mud, and cut in all directions by water-worn gulleys, now wholly dry, whose steep sides and pebbly bottoms testify to the volume and force of the water that must flow through them in the early spring. For the snow lies deep on these mountains for two months, and the winter rains are frequent and heavy. The rock where exposed seems crumbly, and apparently its weathering has been great, rounding off the tops and filling the valleys almost to a level; while the distant mountains are sharply cut, with the talus stopping far short of the ridge, and are probably much harder. There is no watershed from the plateau, and the streams collect

into broad, shallow ponds and lakes (*chott*), which in May appear as broad, flat basins crusted with salt glistening in the sun, and a small patch of water in the centre. Ditches and rude aqueducts all along the route testify to the preciousness of the water and the pains taken to utilize it.

Large numbers of storks stood about in the plain and on the housetops and chimneys at the railway stations, and some were seen sitting in their large, rough nests on the houses and the dead and dying trees.

The plateau ends a few miles beyond Batna, and the road then passes to the other side of the mountains through a tunnel, and descends rapidly with long curves through a country which becomes more and more barren and brown. Even the mountains have changed from gray to a yellow-brown and are smaller. At El Kantara, where the road passes through a short, narrow defile, the striation shows interestingly, and here are seen the last Roman ruins, the remains of a bridge across the nearly dry bed of the stream. At the south end of the defile is an oasis containing sixteen thousand date palms and many other fruit trees, spread along the sides of the stream, but beyond it is a desolate plain. The vegetation on the slope is mainly tufts of gray grass like sage brush, with here and there, most unexpected and incongruous, a large bush with dark green leaves and large purple and white flowers. The aspect is of great sterility and desolation, a forerunner of the actual desert. The soil is not sand, and this is true also of the desert, but looks like dry mud or clay, and where cut by the water it shows usually as a conglomerate of pebbles matted together in a relatively scanty earth.

The main watercourse is broad, more than five hundred yards in places, and covered with stones; the bridges cross at low elevations, ten or fifteen feet.

Rounding the point of the last low range we come into sight of Biskra.

Biskra, latitude $34^{\circ} 52'$, 350 feet above sea-level, with two thousand inhabitants, is a French and Arab settlement and army post, on an oasis two miles long on the right bank of the stream which descends from the neighboring mountains, with four or five adjoining Arab villages, and is physically as humble, not to say squalid and uninteresting a little village as one can often see. There is one fairly decent street, along which are the hotels and small shops, and a public garden thickly planted with shade trees, and beside it are a number of dirty streets or alleys lined with Arab quarters. The effort to make it a winter resort has resulted in the construction of several hotels, most of them of a suitable semi-tropical appearance, two stories high, with broad verandas, and glistening white. They are built of sun-dried mud bricks thickly coated with stucco. Most of them were closed at the time of our visit, but we found comfortable quarters at the "Sahara," where the temperature in the entrance corridor at 4 P.M. was only 83° .

We drove at once to the garden made by Comte Landon, a few acres of trees of many kinds, including banana, poplar, bamboo, pine, to show what can be done by irrigation. Then through a filthy Arab village of mud huts, its alleys swarming with children who looked well-nourished and content, frightful-looking hags peering from the doorways, and the inevitable groups of dignified, burnous-clad men

lounging in a corner, or squatted beside some companion reading aloud from the Koran. Many of the men looked clean, some of the younger ones noticeably so, and possibly the hidden interiors are not so bad as the outside walls and the appearance of the women and children would indicate; but a little of it was quite enough, and we decided with prompt unanimity that we would not drive to Sidi-Oukba in the morning,—that we knew enough of the desert, of Arab villages, and of Marabout tombs.

The dinner at the hotel was good, the white wine mild and well-flavored, and St. Galmier could be had, though probably it was a needless precaution, for the water is brought from a spring far away on the mountains. All the wine bottles on the tables were jacketed in wet flannel to keep them cool.

The night was spent comfortably, and in the morning we strolled to the market and kodaked the camels, and then waited for the afternoon train that was to take us to Batna. Biskra had been seen,—quickly seen,—and, we thought, sufficiently seen. What it may be in the winter I cannot say, but a few hours of it in May are enough. Pease says, "Biskra must be wooed before she becomes really lovable." I should doubt if any wooing would produce that result, and should be more inclined to term her a harriidan of Baxter Street than the "Queen of the Sahara." Nevertheless, she is worth a visit. The desert was a revelation and overturned all previous ideas, and I shall not again think of an oasis as a stately date palm growing in a patch of grass beside a cool spring and in the shadow of a great rock.

The afternoon ride to Batna was again hot and

trying. The temperature at the railway station in Biskra was 93°, and it must have been higher in the railway carriage; but the hours passed, and the cool of the evening was with us when we reached Batna. The hotel was unattractive, and while we were at dinner the landlord came to say that we could not have the automobile in the morning, because the chauffeur must then be in court to answer to a complaint for having overthrown some one's wagon. As the only purpose of our stop at Batna was to visit the Roman ruins at Timgad, forty kilometres distant, and as Batna can be left by only one train a day—at noon,—the information was grave, for the substitution of a carriage for the automobile would enforce the spending of a second night in the hotel. As the landlord was the owner of the automobile, we assured him of our determination to depart by the first train, Timgad or no Timgad, and suggested that he should obtain an adjournment of the trial from the judge or the *procurateur*, whom he pointed out to us entertaining a party of friends at a neighboring table. He returned after a while to report that it was impossible. A New York friend had obtained for us in Paris letters of introduction to the Governor-General of Algeria, which had brought us in acknowledgment of their presentation a printed formal letter of commendation to the good offices of all civil and military functionaries in case of need. It had caused much quiet amusement to an officer whom we had met in a train and had questioned as to its value, and he had evidently been restrained only by considerations of official propriety from advising us to throw it away. With one accord we felt the time had come to test it,

and it was at once flashed upon the "patron" with the request that it be presented to the judge. He read it with visible and growing excitement: "Ah, this will surely do it, if I can only send it in to him!" In five minutes he was back. "*C'est entendu!* The *procurateur* would be *désolé* to embarrass these ladies. The case is remitted to the afternoon."

The Governor-General was vindicated, and at 7.30 the next morning we were off at much more than African railway speed, and an hour later were at Timgad, forty-one kilometres distant; but we had in the meantime gained an abiding conviction that if our chauffeur did not lose his case, justice would not be done. The dogs, the cows, the camels that just escaped death at his hands owed nothing to him. His warning horn had such a laryngitis that it could be heard only as we passed, but our voices were in order and the only mishap was the fall of a baby from a runaway mule.

Timgad—"the African Pompeii"—is quite equal to its namesake in extent and detail, and superior in architectural remains, for it has a fine Arch of Trajan, a well-preserved theatre, and a number of stately columns. The burial which came to Pompeii in a day was more gradually effected for Timgad by the dust of summer and the rains of winter, left to do their work unchecked after the Arab invasion had made it desolate. It was built in the second century, when Rome was at her best, and is thought to have been in a measure a summer resort for those who sought refreshment on the high tableland. The sewers and the water-supply are in great part unharmed, the pavements remain—with the ruts worn

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TIMGAD. "THE AFRICAN POMPEII"

by the wheels, while the sidewalks and the columns lining the principal streets give it an air of comfort and luxury not felt at Pompeii. The work of excavation and conservation has been done with skill and knowledge, and in the little museum are preserved several large and interesting mosaic pavements of conventional patterns such as none of us had seen elsewhere. The frescoes, if any, have disappeared, and the small objects of art and use are not numerous.

Nearly midway between Batna and Timgad are a few arches, a pretorium, and an amphitheatre belonging to the city, Lambassa, which was the Roman military capital of the district.

A hot, slow afternoon's ride, which yielded a view from the car windows of the curious tombeau de Medrassen, brought us to Constantine and then to Philippeville at dusk, and to the yacht and baths and comfort and sleep. They had been five hard days, and we had not known how hard until after the tardy effects showed that night and the next day. But the sea breezes and the quiet of the boat soon removed all traces, and left us with only a feeling of great satisfaction that we had made the trip, and a fund of reminiscence that will not soon lose its interest and charm.

On the morning of May 21st we sailed from Philippeville with a light northeasterly wind, worked slowly out of the bay and along the coast, favored somewhat by the current, and early the next morning ran into the bay of Bona to look at the hills among which St. Augustine walked, and upon which his eyes must so often have rested during his long episcopate. For it was here that the great Bishop of Hippo was ordained and served, and here he wrote the *De Civitate Dei*,



TIMGAD. "THE AFRICAN POMPEII"

and here he died while the Vandals were besieging the city in 430. The fates were propitious, and although there was some of the haze which had been with us so constantly, we could distinctly trace the hills and valleys and see the basilica within which is preserved the Saint's arm, brought here some years ago from Pavia, where the rest of his body lies.

SICILY

Turning northeastward, we continued our course for Palermo; the winds were moderate, and the second morning found us off Marituno with a freshening breeze and running fast for the northwestern corner of Sicily. The haze interfered with the more distant views of the coast, which here is bold and beautiful, with great cliffs rising sheer from the water, and the hills and valleys covered with a wealth of foliage and verdure. The bold outlines, the sharply scarped gray mountains, the green talus, and the smiling valleys are typical of much of the Mediterranean coasts, and roused in us a wealth of recollection and of bright anticipation. As we rounded Cape Gallo the great flat-topped mass of Pellegrino, overlooking Palermo from the west, was welcomed with enthusiasm, and the Conca d'Oro and beautiful Monreale nestling in the great amphitheatre of gray mountains made even our ten-knot breeze seem sluggish. The pilot met us after we had passed within the mole and had got everything off but the jib; but the narrow eastern end of the harbor was crowded and we were glad to have him take the responsibility of placing the anchor, though we thought we could have done it better ourselves. The mooring place for

yachts is a narrow strip of the quay between some torpedo boats on the south and coasters on the north. The boat must be moored by the stern to the quay with lots of chain out in front (he gave us seventy-five fathoms), and it seems to be almost a certainty that your chain will cross or be crossed by another. At least, that happened each time to us. But if there were no drawbacks Palermo would be too enchanting.

Of the two arms of the sea nearly surrounding a strip of land which gave it its first name—Panormos, all harbor—but little remains; the port, fairly large and commodious, is made by two long moles, and is somewhat marred by a shoal adjoining the shore nearly opposite the entrance. Ordinary supplies can be obtained, but prices are high and bargaining necessary. There are several good hotels.

Our steps turned first to the Cappella Palatina, that gem of golden mosaics, sculptured columns, and soft, harmonious colors, in which the appeal to the emotions and senses has full sway, unchecked by the feeling of awe and grandeur which is roused by monuments of greater size. Although much more complete and with much more detail, it may be grouped in memory with the coeval Ste. Chapelle at Paris as the highest expression of sensuous architecture. The ornamentation is Arabo-Byzantine, the ceiling of carved and painted wood.

In strong contrast with it, but equally attractive, is the great cathedral of Monreale, an imposing edifice, its walls and floors covered with mosaics of the twelfth century,—the most important ecclesiastical building in Sicily. Beside it are the beautiful cloisters, with low, pointed arches supported on double columns in-

laid with colored mosaics, and the adjoining garden, with its superb view over the Conca d'Oro, filled with lemon trees, and encircled by the gray mountains which reach far to the north and east in bold promontories to enclose the great blue bay. Here we spent two afternoons, "our pulses thronged," in the words of Sicily's native-born poet, Theocritus, "with the fullness of the spring"; for we had visited Palermo often enough to feel absolved from formal sightseeing, and free to visit and enjoy only what specially attracted.

The other great interest for us was the museum, mainly because of the metopes brought thither from Selinunto, with which we wished to refresh acquaintance in advance of our expected visit to the ruins of that city. That done, and a half-hour spent in the convent of the Eremiti, we felt free to wander through the streets, to idle on the Marina at sunset, and to pursue and finally capture an evasive wine,—Missilmeri Vecchio,—of which tender recollections had been preserved.

To describe Palermo in any detail, to give more than a suggestion of all that goes to make her "that wonderful cross-section of history" and the most attractive city of Sicily, would carry us much too far. Beginning as a Phœnician colony, becoming the capital city of Semitic Sicily and remaining Carthaginian longer than any other save Lilybaion (Marsala) and Drepana, until the First Punic war, coveted and fought for again and again by Greeks and Romans,—a city which had seen the Grecian phalanx, Roman battalions, Iberian mercenaries, Balearic slingers, and even the elephants of Pyrrhus; which was the first object and the first prey of the ravaging Saracen and

the adjoining garden, Conca d'Oro, filled by the gray mountains east in bold promontory. Here we spent "red," in the words of the poet, "with the full Palermo often sightseeing, and fully attracted to the museum, a thirder from west acquaintance: the ruins of spent in the der the night and in the — the first

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Berber; which saw the crowning and became the capital of Roger de Hauteville, and within which the bells of the Sicilian Vespers had called its citizens to the maddened revolt and massacre which overthrew the insolent and outraging Franks, it lived through the long, blighting despotism of the Bourbons to set its seal upon Garibaldi's effort to redeem the island and bring it under the enlightened rule of the House of Savoy. No finer setting for a city can be imagined, no more interesting history, no more sympathetic adaptation to its environment, no more attractive detail to interest and occupy the visitor. Palermo *il felice*, and happy also he who visits you and who carries away the longing to return!

May 27th, we left Palermo for Selinunto. The afternoon and evening were spent in quiet enjoyment of the slowly shifting views of Pellegrino and Gallo, and the morning found us not far on our way; but in the afternoon the wind freshened and we ran rapidly past Mount Eryx (San Giuliano), where Æneas buried Anchises, and where one of the oldest and most famed altars to Venus or Astarte was established, one on which no blood was allowed to flow. The hillsides and valleys were yellow with the ripened crops, but the dark beauty of the great mountain was unchanged, and held the eye as we passed beside it and around to Trapani. We kept well offshore and soon met a boat rowing lustily toward us, shouting "*Tuna, tuna,*" and gesticulating toward the west. If we had turned eastward we should doubtless have gone clear, but, following their gestures, perhaps misinterpreting them, we turned westward to go outside the little island Formiche, and in ten minutes more found ourselves

in a perfect nest of boats and nets, and had to tack and stand to the north to clear them. Then, to be on the safe side, we kept off and rounded Favignana before turning to the southeast.

Daybreak of the 29th found us off Selinunto on the south coast; we anchored close in and went ashore in the gig, landing between the two hills.

Selinus, founded in 628 B.C. from Megara as an outpost against the Phœnician cities to the westward, had a brief and tragic history. As it grew it seems to have established comfortable relations with the Phœnicians at Motya and Drepana, and even to have sided with them in one of their contests with the Grecian cities to the eastward, but it was always in trouble with its immediate neighbor, Segesta, and at last, in 409, it was attacked by the Carthaginians, as the beginning of their plan to extend their control over the whole of the island, and wholly destroyed. Destruction came while the city was engaged in building some of the temples whose ruins are now so impressive. Not only are some of the great columns uncompleted, their flutings absent or only partly cut, but on the road between it and the quarries, five miles distant, from which the stones were brought, are to be seen segments of other columns abandoned by the roadside, and in the quarries others only partly detached from their beds.

These temples, seven in number, are grouped on two hills. On the western hill, the old acropolis and fortified city, are four; on the eastern hill are the three largest, close together, forming almost a single pile of gigantic ruin. Portions of some of the columns are still erect, and all have been so well cleared that, although their fragments are inextricably

mingled, their size can be appreciated and even measured. One which we measured was thirty-three feet in circumference. The capitals are very plain, a simple shallow expansion with a slightly larger square abacus. The west hill is narrow, with steep sides except to the north; the east hill much larger and with sloping sides; the sea lies directly in front, and the plain spreads off on the north to the distant hills. A small fishing village lies hidden under the eastern hill, and a small town can be faintly seen five miles to the north, but there is nothing to distract the attention, to check the imagination that seeks to reconstruct the scene, or to blunt the feeling of desolation and abandonment which the massive stones inspire. It is no wonder that those who have written about them use such expressions as "the most interesting as well as the most impressive ruins in Europe" (Richardson), and "one of the most gigantic and sublime ruins imaginable" (Swinburne).

Their comparative neglect by visitors may be due to the necessity of spending the night at Castelvetro. Possibly they could be visited by automobile from Palermo or Girgenti, and surely no yachting party should omit them.

The *Finanza*, where the ship's papers may have to be shown, is close by the little village. Small, antique terra-cotta heads and lamps and good copper coins may be got from the villagers.

A fair breeze took us to Girgenti—forty miles—in time to get a good view through the glasses of two of the temples. An outlying shoal prevents a close approach, but an excellent view can be had of the site of the ancient city. As we had visited it on previous



SELINUNTO. TOP OF A COLUMN

trips we did not land. There is a harbor at Empedocle, about three miles from the temples; possibly a carriage could be got there or by telephone from Girgenti.

Girgenti is easily and pleasantly reached from Palermo by rail, a journey which has the advantage of passing through the site of ancient Himera, and which probably could be combined with a visit to Cefalù and its important Norman cathedral. If the afternoon train is taken, Girgenti is reached after dark, and if the traveller goes to the excellent Hotel des Temples, southeast of the town, and secures a room on the south side, he will have a view in the morning that cannot be surpassed for charm. Before him in the distance lies the blue Libyan sea, and immediately below him a rolling green plateau covered with olive and almond trees, amid which rise five Greek temples, two of them in excellent preservation and showing all their original beauty of form. There is nothing modern, nothing human, to distract the attention or disturb the impression, and if he has filled himself with the dramatic story of the great city the visitor can spend the morning in the bright sunshine among the ruins, with a pleasure and satisfaction that will long remain a cherished possession of his memory.

A light favoring breeze brought us by morning around the southeast corner of the island, and into the spacious harbor of Syracuse by the early afternoon. This portion of the coast is comparatively low, the hills lying rather far back; but Etna was seen the previous afternoon and again in the morning, as a faint, snow-clad cone above the haze, as if

detached from earth and floating in the sky. As such, and later in all its lovely detail, it was to be our companion until long after all else of Sicily had sunk below the horizon.

Siracusa! what a wealth of association clusters about the name of the city which Cicero said had been the most beautiful and one of the most important in the world. Founded from Corinth in 734,—one year after Naxos, the first Greek settlement in Sicily,—it had become after three or four centuries the most powerful Greek city in the world, rich in art, science, and letters, only to fall later into the hands of Rome, to be despoiled by knavish rulers, and to sink into poverty and insignificance. Within its great harbor, in 413 B.C., the maritime power of Athens was shattered, and upon its shore the Athenian generals surrendered their defeated and hopeless troops, only to have them slowly give up their lives in confinement in the great quarries that scar the neighboring hills. With Thucydides in hand or mind, all the details of that great conflict can be followed on the spot and almost every place can be identified, from the little rocky islet upon which the Athenians erected the trophy of their early and only naval victory in the harbor, to the camp beside the Anapo, the great wall they undertook to build across from bay to sea, but which they prosecuted so leisurely that the Spartan Gylippus had time to enter with reinforcements and give them their first knowledge of his presence by his haughty offer of a five-days' truce to permit them to decamp, and down to the Latomia de' Cappuccini in which the sad story ended.

Of all that it was, little beside what nature gave remains, but "nature is the circumstance that dwarfs every other circumstance." There is the island Ortygia, the site of the first settlement and the abode of the present thirty thousand inhabitants, all that now represent the wealthy, cultivated, powerful million of its time of prosperity. There are the outlying hills over which the city spread, and which were enclosed by the Dionysian walls—thirty miles long, with the great fortress Euryelus at the extreme western end of the plateau,—a fortress still showing the lines of communication, the magazines, and even the stabling for the horses. A great Greek theatre, hewn out of the hillside, and close by it a Roman amphitheatre partly of similar construction; and remains of aqueducts, some still bringing water, which served the great city. In the present city is a Greek temple of the seventh century B.C., that has been curiously preserved by being built up to form a church; the spaces between the columns were filled with masonry, upon the surface of which they appear as low projections. A few columns belonging to another temple, now ascribed to Diana, have been in part exhumed from another building and are said to have interest for archæologists.

Above all in interest for the unspecialized traveller is the underground crypt of St. Marcian, connected with the Church of S. Giovanni, in which St. Paul preached when on his way to Rome. It is a mass of dark, low-vaulted aisles and great square supports, with the remains of Byzantine frescoes and a detailed history which we would be glad to believe as it is told by the brown-robed monk who guides you

through it with the aid of a little grease burning on a flat plate of iron swinging from his hand. According to him the church was built by St. Marcian in 40 A.D., the first Christian church in Europe and second only to one in Antioch. The short, thick pillars were of the original church, and he points out the one to which St. Marcian was bound in his martyrdom, and finally he lays his hand upon a square block and says, "Here St. Paul preached."

Some interesting mythological associations may be mentioned. The fountain of Arethusa, a copious spring beside the quay, represents the chaste companion of Diana who, in her flight from the ardent Alpheios across the fields of Elis, was transformed by the commiserate goddess into a stream which passed beneath the sea to come to the surface here. A more recent and better-established fact is that Nelson watered his fleet from it before going to the battle of the Nile; an earthquake promptly cracked its bed and let in the water of the sea, as one sometimes breaks a glass after a specially inspiring toast. And the beautiful pool on the Ciani, a branch of the Anapo, now thickly bordered with papyrus brought from Egypt, is the transformed nymph who sought to arrest the abduction of Proserpine by Pluto. The angry god here plunged down to Hades and left Ciani in this form to mark the place.

On a still, bright morning (June 2d) we slowly fanned out of the harbor of Syracuse and turned northward. The wind freshened and we moved steadily along the coast, near enough to see the details, even to the rocks which Polyphemus threw at Ulysses. As far as Catania—thirty miles—the

coast is like that south of Syracuse, comparatively low, with outcropping rock amid the fields and vineyards, and distant hills; then comes the great cone of Etna, extending from Catania on the south to the gray mountain mass rising abruptly from the sea at Taormina and shutting off all to the north.

This view of Etna from the sea is unmatched by that of any other mountain I know of; Hecla is equally unobstructed, but is much smaller. Its mass is seen in its full length and height—thirty miles long and 11,000 feet high from the sea at its base to its snowy summit—without a single intervening obstacle. And surely from no point on the land can such a view of it and of the mountains about Taormina be had as from the deck of a boat three or four miles south of Taormina, and yet the view from that town has been declared by more than one experienced traveller to be one of the finest in the world. Sir Henry Holland grouped it with that of Damascus at sunrise as unequalled.

It is easy for the yachtsman to make the comparison for himself. Taormina bay has a beach; he can land in his boat, as we did, drive up to the town, and see the famed view from the Greek theatre; then let him go back to his ship, move off a little to the south-east, and ask himself if he is not incomparably more fortunate than those whose feet are fixed upon the land.

As the sun sank toward the mountains we turned eastward to the Adriatic; the wind freshened to half a gale before we had crossed the straits, but soon quieted. Our objective was Ragusa, on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, four hundred miles away; and

while the yacht is making her leisurely way thither we may turn to that portion of a former cruise not now to be repeated, but which could easily be added at this point,—that to Greece and the Ægean and Ionian islands.

GREECE AND THE ÆGEAN

In the 1901 cruise we left Palermo May 1st for Malta, passing westward around Sicily, skirting the shore of the island as we approached the port of La Valletta, and passing close by the bay where St. Paul's storm-tossed boat was beached.

La Valletta was reached as evening fell, and we ran into its capacious harbor before a fresh breeze with a swarm of bumboats, headed by *Bubbly Joe*, vainly trying to keep up with us, dropped anchor and moored to the quay. A polite call, with an offer of any needed assistance, was promptly made from an English naval vessel, according to their kindly custom, and duly returned the next day. Early the next morning the combined Mediterranean and Channel fleets—thirty great ships—came into the harbor in stately column and rounded to their buoys with impressive precision. The morning was spent in the curious old town, with its interesting souvenirs of the Knights of Malta, the body to which no one with a gap in, or a blemish upon, his quarterings could obtain admission, its staircase streets, and its hooded women, and in the afternoon we sailed away for Greece.

The winds at first were light, but we had one grand day's sailing with a growing sea that kept the spin-

naker-boom rising further and further, until, late in the evening, it swung upright and the sail went over the forestay into the sea. We passed the southeast corner of the Peloponnesus toward morning, and all the next day and night floated slowly up its east coast and anchored at Nauplia early May 6th.

The day was being given up by the inhabitants to the unveiling of a statue of one of the half-brigand, half-patriotic, wholly Greek captains of the War of Independence,—a ceremony honored by the presence of the king, and the town was *en fête*, the streets filled with country people, soldiers, and large black-bearded priests in their flowing black robes and cylindrical hats; but we were able to secure a carriage and a portable luncheon for a visit to Tiryns, Mykene, and Argos. The former, a mass of roughly shaped, huge Cyclopean rocks upon a hillock rising from the plain, shows only its encircling wall and a few foundations and floors. Access to the enclosure is still by the road passing obliquely to the left, after the general fashion of the time, so as to present to the defenders on the wall the right side of the attacker unprotected by his shield.

Mykene, on the mountainside four or five miles distant, the home of Agamemnon and of Clytemnestra, preserves a portion of its wall, also built of huge stones without mortar, the Lion gate, a few foundations, and the tombs within which Schliemann found the gold ornaments and vases now preserved in the museum at Athens. Near by is the "Tomb of Agamemnon," or the "Treasury of Atreus," a circular chamber about twenty-five feet in diameter, with a conical roof composed of square blocks laid without

mortar, the whole covered by the soil except where the broad stone-lined approach has been laid bare. The remains are so scanty that most of the interest lies in the historical associations, and in the thought that the observer is in the presence of the oldest Grecian remains in Europe; of the house from which the leader of the Trojan war set forth and to which he returned to be murdered by his faithless wife, while just across the plain lies Argos, where Paris came to visit Menelaus and win the love of Helen.

From Nauplia we sailed around the promontory, past Poros and Hydra with their lofty green hills and nestling villages, and up the bay toward Athens as the sun was setting, and anchored in the Bay of Phalerum, close by the heights of the Peiræus. The next day the ship went to a mooring within the port, and we to Athens for a three-days' stay.

Of Athens it would be superfluous to speak. Its wealth of association, interest, and beauty is known to all. But it may not be amiss to mention the impression made by the sculpture of its two museums. One feels that he has never before been face to face with the real virility, dignity, and beauty of the art, and that beside its statues almost all the famed ones of western Europe, except the incomparable Venus of Milo and a few others, themselves brought from Greece, are weak, emotional, even sentimental. A strange chance has preserved for us there a perfect thesaurus of pre-Phidian art. When the Athenians in 480 B.C. retired before the Persians and took refuge in their "wooden walls," as counselled by the oracle, walls which served them so well at Salamis a few days later, Xerxes overthrew the temples and statues of

the Acropolis in a common ruin; and when Pericles set out to rebuild the place he gathered together all these statues and buried them in one trench on the hill. There they remained forgotten for twenty-three centuries, and there, a few years ago, they were found and exhumed, and now they constitute the museum of the Acropolis,—a collection unequaled, unapproached, one which the untrained visitor feels he can enjoy as honestly, if not so intelligently as the trained artist or student, and be as much uplifted thereby. There are the lovely bas-reliefs from the temple of Nike, the wingless Victory, the home, according to Stillman, of the Venus of Milo, one of which in plaster reproduction hangs on so many walls at home; and there, too, is the quiet, placid "archaic smile" greeting you at every turn, and telling you that, if you will but believe it, all earthly sorrows, woes, and death itself are as nothing against the might and sufficiency of the sustained soul.

The large museum in the city has also, in addition to its statues, a unique collection of gold vases and ornaments from Mykene and other places of Trojan and pre-Trojan times, bones and weapons from Marathon and Plataea, and an unrivaled collection of steel and other mortuary sculpture supplemented by that of the Street of the Tombs. There is also a large collection of Roman portrait busts, which show a singular persistence of type, for the originals of some of them might walk the streets of a New England town as unquestioned natives.

With hearts and minds still responsive to all we had seen; with, it must be confessed, palates still agreeably reminiscent of the table of the Grande

Bretagne, and with a store of the honey of Hymettus big with coming disillusion in the lockers, we sailed out of the Peiræus in the early morning and down the bay to round the promontory of Sunium, capped by its temple of Athene. A strong breeze sent us flying up the gulf of Petali to an anchorage at dusk, behind the promontory of Cynosura which shelters the upper portion of the bay of Marathon, and the next morning was spent in a visit to the battlefield. Then northward again between Eubœa and Bœotia, with their green, fruitful hillsides, to an anchorage two miles below Chalkis, where we lay for two nights and a day, hoping for a change in the wind that would enable us to traverse the narrow passage between the island and the mainland, and pass on to Thermopylæ, Olympus, and the gulf of Volo. But it was not to be; the bow was turned again to the south, and before a strong northeast wind we raced away down the gulf and past the islands—Andros, Tenos, Kea, and Jura—to the harbor of Hermoupolis on Syra. The town sprang into electric light as the anchor went over the bow, but the wind and waves were high and we stayed aboard. The anchor dragged during the first part of the night, but held when it reached the rising slope of the bottom at a safe distance from a threatening reef. The next morning, as the wind still held strong, we decided to go on at once. Two or three short tacks cleared the harbor, and with started sheets we rushed for Delos, only a few miles away. There we came to anchor in a sheltered little bay, whose waters were so clear that the bottom and even the fish swimming far below the surface could be distinctly seen, and spent the afternoon ashore.

Except for the undersized, slack-breeched guardian of the rocks who humbly accompanied us about, stood for his photograph, and removed stones from our path, we had the hallowed island to ourselves. The young palm tree to which Ulysses compared Nausicaa is no longer there, nor any representative thereof, nor even any tree. Only the grass, the flowers, and the bushes, the foundations of the temples, the lake beside which Apollo and Diana were born, and, best of all, the grotto far up the side of Kynthos, the most ancient site of the cult of Apollo known.

This grotto, largely natural, its rocky wall supplemented only by some great blocks forming part of one side, some slabs for the roof, and a square altar, looks down upon the sacred enclosure. From it and from the hill-top above is a glorious view embracing all the Cyclades.

We wandered through the sacred enclosure, noting the Hall of the Bulls, the temple of Apollo, and the huge torso of the god; passed with less interest by the few Roman remains, and stayed long in contemplation by the grotto; then we closed a most delightful afternoon by a visit to the lake and rejoined the ship.

Out of deference to the Friday superstition, the captain was allowed to make sail at 11 o'clock in the evening, and the next morning found us rushing with a grand breeze eastward through the sparkling blue water past Nikaria; [soon Patmos, where St. John passed so much of his long life and where he saw the Apocalyptic vision, came into view ahead, and as we passed between it and Samos we could easily pick

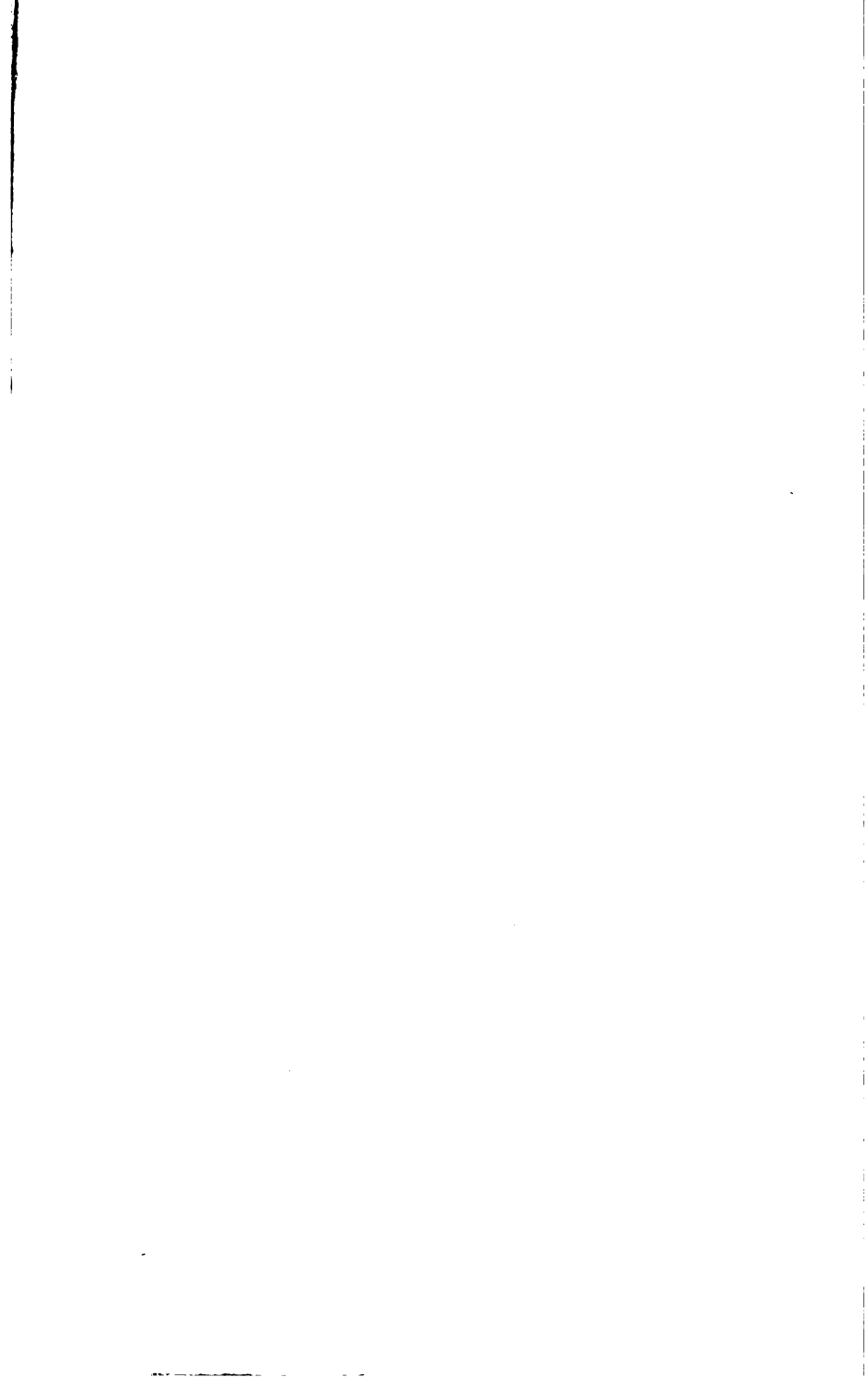
out the site of his home and the churches erected in his honor. The horizon swarmed with islands, each with its history and associations, but all, alas, were under Turkish rule and barred to us by quarantine difficulties and probable delays. So on we rushed, past Samos, through the narrow strait between it and the mainland, and northward past the hill where stood Ephesus,—Ephesus, where was the great temple of Diana,—Ephesus, where Paul fought with wild beasts.

The wind fell as evening came and we headed again westward along the south shore of Chios, with its mournful story of Turkish massacre and pillage. The next morning we were still beside it, and all the next day we moved slowly over the glassy sea toward the strait between Andros and Eubœa. The next night was of amazing beauty. In the cloudless sky the stars shone with a brilliancy not surpassed by our own winter nights, and were so perfectly reflected on the motionless sea that one seemed to stand at the centre of a celestial sphere. None of us will ever forget the beauty of that night or the unmarred charm and interest of that week in the *Ægean*.

I doubt if it could be reproduced in a steamer. There is something in the individuality of a sailing yacht—in its life and swing, in the proximity of the waves, in the rush and sparkle of the water as it sweeps by within reach of the hand—that cannot live beside the throb of the engine,—the stately, unswerving movement of a great machine doing its appointed work heedless of the chance of wind or wave. Such an environment holds one fast in the grip of the twentieth century, while here in the *Ægean*



DELOS. THE GROTTO OF APOLLO



we wish to think of the "wine-colored waves," "the purple-backed billows," to hear the "laughter of the seas and the waves," to think of the "well-greaved Greeks" and the "deep-bottomed boats" that crept timidly from headland to headland and waited on the winds and oracles. We looked back upon that week and declared that whatever an adverse fate might hold in store our trip had been a success.

A brief stop at Athens for letters and we sailed for Corinth, taking a lingering farewell of the Parthenon as it faded behind us. We towed through the canal, a long, narrow, straight-walled gap cut through rock two hundred feet high, and started with a rush across the gulf, only to lose the wind in an hour and occupy twenty more in slowly floating on to Itea, the port of Delphi.

The great charm of Delphi, apart, of course, from the associations which it shares with all of Greece, is found in the beauty and grandeur of its scenery. The approach from Itea is across a plain thickly covered with olive trees, evidently once an estuary of the sea, with arms running into the narrow, steep-walled valleys between the foothills of the mountains that rise all about it. The road climbs the bare side of one of these for three or four miles, and then turns suddenly into the amphitheatre of Delphi. It stands in a shallow recess on the steep mountainside; directly opposite is a somewhat smaller foliage-covered mountain; in the narrow cleft between, and far below, a stream. Beyond, to the eastward, the "shining rocks"—the *Phædriadæ*—thrust their great mass forward as if to block the way, and reach back westward far overtopping and encircling the site. The

Castalian Fountain sends its waters down from them at the eastern end of the city, and close beside it at the roadside are two great plane trees, which one easily believes to be the direct descendants of the one planted there by Agamemnon.

The ruins are the usual floors, ways, and scanty walls, serving only to mark the site and the dimensions of the buildings which stood there. Everything of artistic value has been removed to museums. Higher up on the mountainside is the Stadium. One goes to Delphi, not to gaze on the handiwork of man, but for Delphi itself,—for the setting of the oracle which for so many centuries controlled the action of rulers, even to expected and accepted loss, for the visible shrine and centre of the ideas and aspirations which then filled the hearts of men.

The afternoon was spent sailing quietly westward in the Gulf of Corinth, with the great bulk of Parnassus behind and snow-tipped Erymanthus on the south, and the near foreground on each side filled with foliage-covered hills; and the early morning found us in the harbor of Patras in time to take the slow-moving train for Olympia. We took our leisurely way along the sandy shore amid the currant-filled plains of Elis, and reached our destination in time for lunch and an afternoon in the museum and among the ruins.

The little museum is made notable by the possession of the *Hermes* of Praxiteles and the massive groups from the pediments of the temple of Zeus, arranged, so far as can be determined, as they originally stood, and the metope reliefs from the wall of the cella of the same temple. Of the buildings little more than



DELPHI—LOOKING EASTWARD

the foundations remains,—nothing to indicate the wealth and magnificence noted by Pausanias sixteen hundred years ago, although even then many of its three thousand statues and other treasures had been carried away to Rome; but of the Stadium—the scene of the Olympic games, the calendar of ages—there remains the most important part,—the start and finish of the races marked by strips of marble, the arched way through which competitors and judges entered, and, alongside, the hill of Kronos on which the spectators sat.

Sitting under the pines on the hillside one sees still a view which justifies the old characterization of it by Lycias, as “the fairest spot in Greece.” Close before us lies the “sacred enclosure,” freed from the sand spread over it by the Alpheios, which now flows as a harmless-looking little stream along the southern side of the plain; beyond it are the foothills, and, extending far to the left, the mountains over which still passes the road along which so many eager feet hastened to the contests, whose prizes were the ambition even of kings. And over all the blue sky, the brilliant atmosphere of Greece.

From Patras our way led us among the Ionian islands, with a brief stop at lovely Corfu,—where the stout-hearted Ulysses dragged his wearied limbs ashore after his week’s swim through the tumultuous waves, and waked to see Nausicaa and her maidens playing with the golden ball,—and then with light and baffling winds along the grand Albanian coast, “the Norway of the South,” to Cattaro, with a most interesting visit to Montenegro, and then Ragusa, where the tale of 1904 is rejoined.

THE ADRIATIC

The crossing to the Adriatic and Ragusa from Syracuse may be summarized in the statement that the distance was 450 miles and the time six and a half days. The wind was light and intermittent and generally so much ahead that, if not beating, we were close-hauled on the course. As a rule a breeze began about 9 A.M. and lasted until evening, and half the time we had a fair breeze during part of the night. The mornings from four or five o'clock until nine were still, hot, and humid. The temperature in the shade was never more than 72° , but the direct rays of the sun were oppressive. The temperature of the water varied from 68° in the Mediterranean to 71° in the Adriatic. There was so much haze that, although our course lay at first along the Italian, and later along the Albanian, shore, the land could be but dimly seen unless we were close aboard, except for the mountain tops which showed above the haze.

The Albanian coast was reached in the early morning, four days from Syracuse, at Cape Languetta, just opposite Sta. Maria di Leuca on the Italian coast, a little too far to the north to give the very best view of the mountains. For one who has not already seen it, a preferable variant, I think, would be to make the coast at Corfu, visit it, and then go northward. The slight addition to the distance would be well compensated for by the visit to that charming island.

The Albanian mountains come down abruptly to the shore with maximum elevations of more than seven thousand feet, upon which patches of snow are

visible. There are no villages and few signs of cultivation. The character of the coast, including that of Dalmatia to the north, is determined by the main topographical features of the western part of the Balkan peninsula. The Dinaric Alps, constituting the watershed between the Adriatic and the Black Sea, run parallel and close to the Adriatic coast, leaving Bosnia to the east, and Dalmatia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro to the west. On the east the slope runs off to broad, fertile plains, traversed by several long rivers; while the west slope is broken by broad limestone ridges lying parallel to the coast, with narrow valleys and short, precipitous streams, a remarkable feature of which is that almost all of them either disappear into or emerge from subterranean passages. The abundant rainfall of the winter converts the little valleys into ponds or marshes which, after drying in the spring, yield abundant crops, while the courses of the streams are bordered by fertile fields and terraces. The mountains, above the height of 1500-2000 feet, are singularly barren and gray, often hardly distinguishable in color from the gray portions of the clouds which rest upon or above them. Because of this lack of color the scenery is not beautiful, nor are the mountains high enough for grandeur, but the sharpness of outline, the precipitousness of the towering cliffs, the ruggedness of combination, and the singular extent and uniformity of the gray coloring make it very impressive.

On the islands near Spalato the rock crops out curiously in long, low, parallel ridges, which at first we supposed to be artificial walls made of the stones

removed from the adjoining land to make it tillable. Everywhere the thin soil on the slopes is protected by breast-high walls from being washed away by the rain; and on the narrow little terraces thus made are vineyards, grain-fields, and trees. At the upper edge of a patch of such terraces there is often a line of aloes, serving, as they also do in Africa and Sicily, to give stability to the soil by their deep-branching roots. Some of the walls made of the stones thrown out to clear the land were twenty-five feet wide, and even then the land had not been half cleared; the little cultivated patches are pitiful in their isolation and scantiness. North of Spalato the mountains lie farther back; the broad littoral strip, broken only by low-rolling hills, is covered with vegetation and looks very fertile.

The natives are exceptionally fine-looking. The men are tall and spare, with well-shaped heads, clean-cut features, and manly, intelligent, dignified expression. The women are large and well filled out, and walk erect and with vigor. Some of the women of the easier classes are noticeably graceful in form and carriage, and often with beautiful faces. The children are sturdy, well-nourished, and cheerful. There is very little begging and but little apparent poverty, although life is evidently on a very simple scale.

The whole region was the Illyricum of the Roman Empire and seems to have furnished most of its gold; across it ran the roads over which the Roman legions passed to the conquest of the East, and back and forth over which passed such a multitude of warring Emperors and Cæsars, of armies and of embassies, of revolting mercenaries and invading borderers in the

constant strifes between rulers and pretenders, and between the eastern or the western Rome and her harrying neighbors. The great gateway for the gold of the mountains and the grain of the Bosnian plains was at Salona (Spalato), that for troops and missions was at Durazzo, farther to the south. It was on this coast that the great Emperor Diocletian was born,—a simple peasant,—and to it he returned when, weary with the cares of his office, he laid it down and found “amid his cabbages” so much contentment that he refused again to assume the purple.

Cattaro, with its beautiful bays and grand mountains, perhaps the most impressive scenery on the entire coast, we passed by without again stopping; and after loitering all the afternoon got a fine southerly breeze after sunset, hove to off Ragusa shortly before midnight, and ran in to an anchorage behind Lacroma Island at daybreak.

At Ragusa there is only an open roadstead, the small artificial harbor being large enough only for small coasters and steamboats. Lacroma Island, however, gives good shelter against everything but southeast gales, and the holding is good. Upon this island, adjoining an imperial residence, is a church built by Richard Cœur de Lion in fulfilment of a vow made when in peril by sea near by on his return from his crusade. The vow was to build it where he landed, but the Pope gave permission to substitute this beautiful island for the bare rock, probably one lying off Ragusa Vecchia, a few miles distant, on which he found a hasty shelter.

Ragusa is the most interesting and unique place we visited on this coast. Apparently most of its earlier

appearance is preserved in its houses, its narrow streets, its walls, industries, and the costumes of the people. The old wall encircling the town is preserved, and a walk along it not only gives interesting glimpses of the streets and roofs, but also creates an environment which carries one back to the romances of plume and sword which have entranced us, and makes one feel, as one of our party said, like a Prisoner of Zenda.

There are no formal sights worth mention, only the town itself,—its little shops and its people, including among the latter many Herzogovinians and a few Montenegrins and Albanians with their characteristic costumes. At the Hotel Imperial, a well-placed and apparently well-managed establishment, at which we lunched, we were told that their season extends from October to June and is active, many people coming to spend the winter.

We found a good market, with an abundance of fruit and vegetables, and in the shops a plethora of barbaric jewelry and ornaments at prices which permitted feminine cravings to be easily gratified.

In the early evening we sailed away for Spalato. The wind became squally, but held in the southeast, and daylight found us emerging from the Sabbioncello channel and heading up to weather the east end of Lessina, and before midday we were at anchor within the mole at Spalato, a roomy and well-sheltered harbor (a variant would be to keep on a few miles farther at Lessina to Narenta, and visit Bosnia by rail). Excellent water can be had from hydrants on the piers, but vessels drawing over twelve feet should go to the one at the east end, not to the

one on which is the office of the Captain of the Port.

Spalato is an animated little town, whose centre is built within and into the walls of Diocletian's palace, thus preserving for us a considerable portion of the enclosure. His mausoleum is now the cathedral, largely overlaid by additions, with a campanile said to be very beautiful, but now for many years hidden by a vast scaffolding within which slow repairs are making. In the little museum near the eastern gate is the sarcophagus of the Emperor, and within its glass cases a collection of more than two thousand engraved gems, while stored away in boxes are some twenty thousand coins awaiting the construction of a museum spacious enough for their exhibition. The little temple of Æsculapius, now used as a baptistery, has an interesting ceiling and some early-Christian decorative carving.

The streets are narrow, the shops humble, the people picturesque (in spots), amiable, and with plenty of time to gratify an interest in strangers. An unpleasing air of modernity is given to the water-front by new houses in glaring stucco, the outward sign of a prosperity which is further indicated by the active traffic of the harbor. The railway is still rudimentary—a short line along the coast to Sebenico, and a cog-and-pinion line up the mountain to Sinj.

Three of the sights may be conveniently grouped in an afternoon's ride: the ruins of Salonæ, the source of the Jader, and the heights of Clissa. The former have but little interest save for the archæologist; they are an amphitheatre, the foundations of an early Christian church destroyed in the sixth

century, and a large number of stone sarcophagi, many of them of martyrs. The Jader, which supplies Spalato with water, issues from the mountain-side as a deliciously cold, clear stream; the fertile valley and the bare, precipitous, gray walls are picturesque and characteristic. Clissa lies above it, a village high up on the rock, with a grand view seaward.

The immediate surroundings of Spalato are so bare of natural advantages that one wonders why Diocletian should have chosen it. Possibly he sought only to put a little distance between himself and Salonæ, and as a man whose life had been that of a soldier he was indifferent to the æsthetic side, and as a forceful ruler whose will no other had crossed he proposed to bend circumstance to it; or he was grown old and indifferent, he had returned to the land of his birth, he would stay there and make the best of his surroundings. His last days must have been sad ones. The Christians, whom he had persecuted as vigorously as he had done all other things, were now tolerated and were soon, under Constantine, to become supreme; his statues in Rome were cast down, his wife and daughter living there were shamefully maltreated and humiliated. If his cabbages still brought him content they must have grown luxuriantly. And now his mausoleum is a Christian church and his carved sarcophagus an empty object of idle curiosity.

Traù, a town at the west end of the bay on which Salonæ stood, we visited by the launch—eleven miles. The small coasting steamboats stop there long enough for a visit to its sights. It is well worth a visit as an antique,—a poor little town, fallen from a high estate,

its elegant homes degraded to the uses of an impoverished people, left aside in the march of events and the change of conditions. Like Ragusa and Spalato, it was under a sort of overlordship of Venice, the traces of which are plainly seen in the buildings—private and public, and in the lion of St. Mark on the walls. It had a much earlier origin than Spalato or even Salonæ, for it was founded by Greeks.

Its chief sight is its little square bordered by the cathedral, the loggia, and the town hall. Of the cathedral Richardson says it is "in Romanesque style, complete and unencumbered with later additions. The great west portal is held by good judges to be unsurpassed by any other portal, whether Romanesque or Gothic." The ceilings are deeply coffered, and the capitals of the pulpit elaborately carved. In strange contrast with the architectural elegance is the rude modelling of the statues of Adam and Eve in the portal. In the sacristy is an interesting MS. book on parchment dated 1324. An inscription on the flyleaf at the back says, "I began this in 1324; I completed it in 1399," but the writing does not look like that of an octogenarian.

To go from Spalato to Zara, about seventy-five miles, we took a tow, for the course lies in part through narrow channels within which it would not be easy to work to windward or properly to care for the ship if the weather turned bad. The start was made at 4.30 A.M., and at nine o'clock we anchored off the mouth of Sebenico channel and went up to the town on the tug. A half-hour sufficed for our visit to Sebenico, but we were held there an hour longer by the needs of the tug, a delay which led to a very

unpleasant incident, for as we started back a violent thunder-squall came in from the southwest, and as we emerged from the narrow channel the yacht was seen to be ashore; she had taken ground at the stern and was lying broadside to the wind with both anchors out. Fortunately there was no sea, the wind promptly fell, and we hauled her off by the windlass before the tug had got her hawser to us. No damage had been done, but it was not a pleasant sight.

When the anchor was got aboard one of its flukes was found to have been broken off. Probably the break occurred when we anchored, for the ship was still moving when the towboat signalled us to let go, and some of the men said two sharp jerks were felt while the chain was running out. She had begun to drift as soon as the wind rose, and thinking that she only needed more chain they had paid out forty-five fathoms, and had only let go the second anchor just as she touched.

Zara was reached at 5 P.M.,—Zara, that old thorn in the politico-commercial side of Venice, whose removal was the first fruit of the iniquitous compact between the blind Doge, Enrico Dandolo, and the leaders of the Fourth Crusade. Venice agreed to furnish transportation for the troops in return for a sum of money and an agreement by which the troops should be used to subjugate such of her rivals and enemies as should lie along the way. Zara was the first to be stormed, and Constantinople the last, and there the crusade ended. Venice took, as her share of the plunder of the latter, the monopoly of the trade of the Black Sea. Among the later consequences may be counted the arousal of a taste for learning in

Europe by the scattering throughout it of the MS. treasures of Constantinople, and that weakening of Constantinople which made her an easy prey to the Turk two centuries later. A souvenir at Zara of Dandolo is the cathedral which he built.

It is a thoroughly Italian town of considerable activity and interesting historical associations, but with few formal sights. A couple of hours sufficed for sightseeing and the purchase of a little Maraschino, a specialty of the place.

In the morning a light wind set in from the south-east, so that we ran easily out of the narrow harbor under foresail and jibs, and were soon on our thirty-mile run between the islands to the sea, passing out by Gruisa islet at 5 P.M. After an hour or two of calm the wind came fresh from the northwest and held through the night, so that although it fell light in the morning, we sighted the low Italian shore a little south of Ravenna before noon. It was our intention to anchor off the little village, Corsini, and go up to Ravenna by the canal in the launch, but the water proved even shoaler than was indicated by the charts,—less than four fathoms between two and three miles off shore,—and the weather seemed threatening, the sky growing overcast and the wind shifting to the southeast and freshening, so we determined to go on to Venice and visit Ravenna by rail.

After we had got ten miles away it fell calm and we remained practically becalmed for forty hours, when a light breeze came from the west and we ran pleasantly up to Venice, anchoring off the jetties in the evening of the 17th. Early in the morning a pilot came aboard and we sailed between the jetties—two

miles—to the Lido (Fort S. Nicolo), at which is the Health Office (Sanità). Thence we took a tug to the city, about three miles, anchoring and mooring close by the custom-house, a convenient berth.

The port of Venice can be reached by either of two routes: the one we took by the jetties and the Lido, the other by Malamocco, about seven miles to the southward, and thence by a deep, narrow channel across the lagoon. The latter is the one taken by deeply laden steamers, but it has a difficult sharp turn near the city. The northern (Lido) channel has, according to the books, nineteen feet of water, but our pilot said it would take vessels of twenty-two feet. Improvement of it by dredging is going on, and apparently it is planned to make it the principal entrance.

Pratique must be obtained at Fort S. Nicolo by those entering by the jetties, but clearance papers are got at the office of the Captain of the Port in the city, opposite the Dogana, where also the pilotage is paid.

Outside pilotage through the jetties to the Health Office, Lido, is optional; inside pilotage, from the Lido to the city, I was told, is obligatory, but we came out twice under tow without it.

An interpreter's fee (ten lire) at the Health Office is not obligatory, but the individual who is charged with the function is not above lying for it if not allowed to earn it. He tried also to put us in the hands of Spagnol, a ship-chandler, who comes off in a gondola as the anchorage is approached, alleging to be the bearer of directions where to anchor. I should not let him aboard again. We found it easy and advantageous to get all needed information and to

encountered, and ample time in the morning for the museum with its unrivalled Etruscan and Umbrian antiquities, and Rafael's *St. Cecilia* at the Accademia. We took, also, a third day for Verona.

The historical and architectural interest of Ravenna is greater than that of any other city in Italy except Rome, and as it is rather scantily treated by the guide-books it may not be amiss to amplify the account somewhat here.

Originally a lagoon settlement, like Venice, the silting of the waters slowly shut it off from the sea except through the adjoining port of Classis, but left it so protected by the surrounding marshes that it was impregnable against a land force. It long remained a subject town of Rome, part of Cisalpine Gaul, with only one incident worth mention, namely, that from it Cæsar started out to cross the Rubicon and make himself the master of the world. Augustus saw its naval possibilities, and made at Classis a port large and safe enough to shelter his Adriatic fleet. In the troublous times of the third and fourth centuries it gave frequent and safe shelter to many an emperor and many a general fleeing before an invader or in the adversities of internecine war; and to it came early in the fifth century the craven Honorius and his stout-hearted sister, Galla Placidia, for a permanent residence that extended over a third of a century, and left the still existing mausoleum of the latter and its unequaled mosaics.

As each invading army or armed nation of barbarians, as they called them,—Vandal, Visigoth, Hun, and Ostrogoth,—swept down in turn from Pannonia or Thrace around the end of the Julian Alps, by what

is now Laybach, to overrun the rich valley of the Po, to which they so commonly limited their main attack, the Roman Emperor with his large body of civil officials and his small army retired precipitately behind the Ravenna swamps to await the spontaneous departure of the foe, or the slow development under some faithful "barbarian" general of a force that should drive the invader out. Against the walls that protected its one causeway of approach, the barbarian, skilled only to fight in the open field, beat in vain, and he was powerless to cut off the ample supplies that came by sea. There the emperor remained, inglorious but safe, and so soothed and cradled in his security that he could forget the stress to which his subjects were subjected. When the breathless messenger announcing to Honorius the capture of Rome by Alaric cried, "*Roma perdita est*," "*Roma perdita!*" replied the chicken-loving and chicken-hearted emperor; "it is not an hour since she was feeding out of my hand."

It requires an effort to realize that the time came when the city Rome was not the Roman Empire, not even the Western Empire; that even a century could pass without seeing an emperor more than once or twice within its walls; that it could shrink in population even to actual abandonment for a few months, and that Belisarius could support his little army, besieged therein, with grain grown within its walls. During this time the emperors in Italy lived at Milan or at Ravenna, and when the Western Empire died with Augustulus in 476 the conquering Teuton, Odovakar, and his great Ostrogothic victor and successor, Theodoric, made their home in, and ruled the

peninsula from, Ravenna. And again, after another century had passed and Justinian's general, Narses, had completed the work so well begun by Belisarius, and had brought all of Italy under his master's control by means of an army landed from Constantinople at and supported through Ravenna, it was there that the exarchs lived and ruled over Italy in the Eastern Emperor's name.

In buildings and decorations contemporaneous with those times, much of absorbing interest remains. It may be grouped in three periods: one corresponding to the time of Galla Placidia, died 450 A.D.; one to that of Theodoric, ending nearly a hundred years later; and one to that of Justinian and the exarchs.

Galla Placidia built her own mausoleum and the church of S. Giovanni Evangelista. The former is a small brick building in the form of a Greek cross, of plain exterior, but decorated within with the oldest and most beautiful mosaics. The vaulted ceilings are of blue, studded with golden stars, and below are various figures and scenes. Opposite the entrance is a huge sarcophagus within which the enbalmed body of the lady, clad in her royal robes and seated in a chair, remained for more than a thousand years, visible through a small hole in the back. Some curious children in the sixteenth century introduced a light and reduced her to ashes. On each side is another sarcophagus, both of marble and bearing Christian symbols carved upon the sides; one of them, Hodgkin says, contains all that is left of Honorius to cumber the earth, and the other, two of the royal children and their tutor.

The church of S. Giovanni was built by Galla in

remembrance of the succor brought her by the saint when in peril by sea. It is decrepit and changed, with only some quaint mosaic pavement recently recovered and preserved upon the wall of a chapel, and said to represent scenes of her memorable voyage.

To the fifty years between the death of Galla Placidia and the rule of Theodoric belong the Baptistery, the Archiepiscopal Palace, and the church of St. Peter Chrysologus. The former is a transformed Roman *thermes* with Christian mosaics.

Of Theodoric's buildings remain his grand mausoleum outside the city, the church which he dedicated to Jesus Christ, but which is now known as S. Apollinare Nuovo, and some walls and arches thought to have been part of his palace. The mausoleum is a two-story cylindrical building, about thirty-five feet in diameter, built of Istrian marble which shows very little weathering, and is covered with a single block of stone said to weigh more than four hundred tons. The sarcophagus stood on the upper floor, to which was no approach; but two outside staircases have since been built to give access to the empty chamber and the narrow, encircling platform. The level of the ground has now risen to half the height of the lower story. A curious detail, which we noticed nowhere else, is that the sides of the stones forming the arches are not straight, but have an interlocking notch. There is no sign of settling, and apparently the structure is as well able to last another fourteen hundred years as when it was built. The custodian said it rests upon a masonry foundation extending about one hundred feet all around.

The fate of the sarcophagus and of the body of the

King is not known, although there are several traditions. The Gothic rule did not long survive him, and in one way or another his body must have suffered by the *odium theologicum* manifested in so many ways by the orthodox conquerors against the Arian Goths who, though good Christians, were deemed by the orthodox worse than the infidel.

S. Apollinare Nuovo is of basilica form, with an outstanding round campanile. To the architecturally uninformed its chief interest is in the mosaics that cover the upper walls of the nave. It is claimed by experts that the long lines of virgins and martyrs which occupy the greater part of the lower sections on each side are substitutions for those inserted by Theodoric, which then must either have been tainted by Arianism or must have represented incidents in the life of the King. It is known that the name of the church was immediately changed by the orthodox conquerors, and the tradition that these mosaics also were changed is supported by the differences in conception and treatment, those of Theodoric's time suggesting statuary in their lines, and showing much more attention to detail and a far wider choice and a careful handling of colors; while the others are coarser and more decorative and Byzantine in character. The representation of the port of Classis on one side, and of Theodoric's palace on the other, were left undisturbed.

Of the buildings of the Justinian period I will take the space to mention only two,—the church of S. Vitale in the city and that of S. Apollinare in Classe, about two miles outside. S. Vitale is most notable architecturally and by the possession of two large



A SUMMER DAY ON THE ATLANTIC

mosaics containing contemporaneous portraits of Justinian and his Empress, Theodora. The building, Byzantine in character, and almost unique in Western Europe, is octagonal and of two stories, with a central nave and surrounding aisle. It served as a model to Charlemagne for his cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle. The capitals of the columns are elaborate to an extent rarely seen elsewhere.

S. Apollinare in Classe stands solitary in the plain, with the usual brown brick exterior and detached round campanile. The interior is large and impressive, but robbed of its former splendor by the removal of the marble which lined its walls. The body of St. Apollinaris, who, ordained by St. Peter and sent to preach at Ravenna, was slain by Vespasian, was kept in a niche in the wall until the twelfth century, and then was placed in the sarcophagus now occupying the crypt under the altar. Hodgkin quotes the tradition that some zealous Dutch monks on their return from a pilgrimage to Rome, desiring a relic for their monastery, stole the saint's head. But while descending the Rhine with it, their boat suddenly began to whirl about violently, and they, terrified and believing their theft to be the cause of the phenomenon, hastily made their way to shore and buried the head. Immediately sprang up beside it the Apollinaris springs, with the waters of which we are all so familiar.

By the addition of a mile to the ride, Sta. Maria in Porto Fuori can be seen, with its lovely frescoes by Giotto and the portraits of Dante and Francesca da Rimini.

The city has lost the deserted, ancient look which a few years ago made it seem a unique survival of a

far-distant time, and has taken on a modern and active appearance, with fine new houses, broad streets, a good hotel,—the Byron,—tramways, and even a considerable steam commerce through its canal. The walls too, are now gone, except for a couple of gateways. This somewhat lessens the charm, but the old buildings and the association with Galla Placidia and Theodoric remain, and will long make it a Mecca for those who have fallen under their spell.

MIDDLE AND WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN

Although the barometer was low and the wind southeast, we sailed from Venice on the morning of June 26th, towing out beyond the jetties. The first day was a beat which brought us to the Austrian coast near Pola, but afterwards we had favoring winds and reached Sta. Maria di Leuca at the end of the Adriatic—450 miles—on the evening of the 29th, and Cape Spavimento, near the Sicilian end of the mainland, late on the 1st July. That day had been sultry, with but little wind, and the clouds gathered on the mountains in the afternoon and burst in fierce thunder-showers and squalls in the evening, which brought us down to the foresail, and as the weather remained threatening we continued under that sail, moving slowly on our course until nearly morning.

Daybreak, July 2d, found us crossing the entrance of the Messina Strait, near Cape Armi. As the light of dawn was added to that of the waning moon the summit of Etna appeared, streaked with snow and resting on the light clouds, and as it caught the first rays of the sun it took on for a moment a lovely pink color. All were on deck for the sight and that of the

beautiful shore slowly gathering definition as the daylight strengthened.

If there is a more beautiful view than that of the coast between Taormina and Messina, especially as seen from the water in the early morning light, I know not where to find it. The elements of which it is composed are those found in such abundance throughout the Mediterranean, and, indeed, wherever mountains come down abruptly to the sea; but nowhere else are they more picturesquely combined and with more charm of form, color, and detail, while the distant Etna adds a suggestion of the grandeur that belongs to great heights and wide extent of view. Passing on, as we did the same day, to the adjoining north coast of the island and the west coast of Italy, where the same elements are found, we were impressed anew with the charm and beauty given by differences of combination and detail. And also, as the morning grew, we noticed a great change in color which added much to its beauty: at first the mountainsides appeared green to the summit, but as the sun rose higher this gave place in large part to the dark gray of the rock, for only the vineyards and large trees held their color, while that of the soil now showed through the scanty vegetation of the heights.

We felt it had placed an unsurpassable capstone upon memory's edifice of all that we had seen in Africa, Sicily, Dalmatia, and Italy; and again we rejoiced that it had been given to us to see it in all its length and breadth from the boat, and not piecemeal and marred by the conflicting suggestions of proximity.

No words at my command can describe it, but

nevertheless the elements and composition may be indicated. To the left, over the long, sloping promontory of Taormina, rose the peak of Etna; to the right the mountains sank and faded in the distance; in front, a mile or two of blue sea, out of which rose the green hills and mountains to the low-lying clouds which just covered their summits. The surface of this mountain-mass is of great irregularity, covered throughout in the foreground with thickly grouped ridges, separated by sharp-sided water-cut ravines running down to the sea, and on the higher levels by more rounded masses, further softened by the soft green or dark gray coloring. The human element appeared in the greener vineyards and olive trees, the little white houses, collected here and there into villages whose occasional situation on some little peak, accessible only along a narrow ridge, vividly suggested the troublous centuries of war and foray that had preceded the present peace and calm, and stimulated memory and imagination. And then, as the day advanced and Messina was reached, the scene changed, the curtain fell, and we came back to the world of actuality.

Nature was bountiful, if not wholly artistic, that morning. Heavy clouds lowered and heavy showers fell at times, cutting off parts of the view and modifying the colors, and twice, very early in the morning, a brilliant, not to say gaudy, rainbow was stretched in an almost complete circle athwart the view.

The passage through the straits was favored by a strong tide; the wind was ahead and light, but we got well past Faro, at the north end, before the tide turned. Several boats with six or eight rowers apiece

came out from both shores and offered, with much vociferation and persistence, to tow us. Their services were accepted later by a neighboring brig, and it looks as if they might find plenty to do.

The next days, occupied in getting to Naples—150 miles,—were of calm and light headwinds, practically becalmed from midnight to noon, then a north-westerly wind gradually freshening through the afternoon and ceasing at midnight. The land was in sight all the time, and we passed between Capri and the mainland at six o'clock on the evening of July 5th; the wind lasted long enough to carry us well across the bay, and early in the morning we put the launch out and towed into the port of Naples, about two miles, anchoring and mooring to the mole, well in.

Stromboli was not so complaisant as in the past; it gave out smoke, but no flame. The Calabrian coast is of the usual Mediterranean type—medium-sized gray and brown mountains, with an occasional peak, coming down to the sea in an abrupt, rocky coast-line. The south shore of the Sorrento peninsula, about Amalfi, was seen in detail and to great advantage after we had gone in close enough to break through the light veil of haze.

On our previous cruise we had turned in at the south end of the Bay of Salerno and visited Pæstum, an easily made visit. We anchored, landed in the dinghy, and walked by country roads to the temples, about a mile. They stand in the fields, free from hampering buildings, where their form and exceptional size can be appreciated. Of both the basilica and the great temple of Neptune all the columns are standing, and the two-storied cella of the latter is

sufficiently complete to show its size and shape. The temple of Neptune ranks as one of the largest and best-preserved Greek buildings left to us, and to one who is interested in such Pastum is well worth a visit.

The port of Naples, though artificial, is spacious; we should have been very comfortable there had it not been for a large German Lloyd steamer which came in a few hours after we did, and moored diagonally across our bows so that the dust of her coaling blew thickly over us. Although the first week of July, the weather was not too warm for comfort, and we spent two days there pleasantly. Food supplies are scanty and dear.

We sailed away from Naples, July 8th, for Elba, with a fine breeze which carried us well through the Procida channel. Thereafter, until Elba was reached on the afternoon of the 12th, we had the usual night and morning calm and pleasant afternoon and evening breeze. The only incident was a rather narrow escape in the night from collision with a large passenger steamer. The night was clear, and we had seen her lights for fully fifteen minutes, but she stood straight for us until we shouted warningly; then she stopped her engines and passed astern, her passengers swarming out to the rail to look at us. I suppose she had underestimated our speed and thought to pass ahead, or else the watch officer was asleep. More than one steamer in the Mediterranean compelled us to shift our course, in the daytime as well as at night, and we came to think them the chief navigational risk.

The mornings were hot and still, and the heat was

great even under the awning, but as soon as the breeze came the conditions were pleasant, and the evenings were delightful. The islands on the coast were in sight most of the time, and one afternoon, when quite near the land, we were even able to recognize the dome of St. Peter's at Rome in the distance, and some buildings which we supposed to be on the Palatine Hill.

Porto Ferraio, on the northern side of Elba, was reached in the afternoon, and while the yacht stood off and on we went ashore in the launch for a hasty view of the town and of the villa on the hillside where Napoleon spent the ten months of his sovereignty of the little kingdom created for him. The port is spacious and accessible, and the surrounding hills are very beautiful. The town is so small that it seems like a plaything; it lies within the walls of an elaborate old fortress on a narrow, level strip and the adjoining hillside. To pass from the little quay through a gateway into the little piazza, with a diminutive marketplace on one side, a café or two on the other, and a few artificial-looking trees against the sketchy buildings in the background was like seeing the curtain rise upon a scene of comic opera. A bit of local color which specially interested the ladies was a lad selling boiled devil-fish; the tentacles were cut up in small pieces, which the customer would pick out and eat, as others, less broad-minded, might buy and eat an apple.

The Villa Napoléon, now a private residence and closed to visitors except at certain hours and by permit, is on a hillside two or three miles from the town, and so shut in by the hills that the view from it is much restricted. It is a plain, small, two-story

building, and the museum below it, built by Prince Demidoff to contain the Napoleon relics, is now empty, the contents having been sold by the builder's heir.

The great industry of Elba is in its iron mines, the ore having a quality which makes it of special value for admixture with others, so that a large part of the product goes to England.

From Porto Ferraio we beat our slow way to Villefranche, the wind and weather remaining as before. There was an exasperating pertinacity about this head wind, and it reached its climax, we thought, when it turned Elba as we did. The morning of July 15th found us in sight of the lighthouse on the east point of Villefranche harbor, with Monaco showing on the dim hillside abeam. As we drew slowly nearer, the beauty of the coast came into full view, and after a brisk squall had come down in the afternoon the haze cleared away and the distant snow peaks of the Maritime Alps came out grand and clear. The coast seemed quite different from the Mediterranean type we had had for two months—the color was darker, the vegetation much more abundant, the foot-hills much less water-worn. The view had more height, extent, and grandeur than that of the Sicilian coast south of Messina, but lacked, we thought, the beauty of detail which had so charmed us in the latter.

After the squall had passed we ran into Villefranche, a large, commodious harbor, and anchored off the citadel in time to go to Nice for dinner. Nice is easily reached in fifteen minutes by trolley—a beautiful ride along the cliffs, and as we passed its port we congratulated ourselves that we had chosen the quiet and spaciousness of Villefranche instead of the

cramped quarters and noise of Nice. The distance between them is only a couple of miles by land or water, and supplies can be got from Nice as easily as if in its port.

The next morning was spent in Nice, which was in full summer *tenue*, the hotels and many of the shops closed, and an hour or two would have sufficed had not the ladies found a store of linen goods whose bargain character could not be withstood. It seemed too hot and dusty for the automobile trip we had planned to Monte Carlo, so we took the trolley thither late in the afternoon. It gave beautiful views in detail of the coast, greatly enhanced by the changing colors of an approaching thunderstorm which broke upon us midway. The motorman stopped the car and came inside to avoid a wetting, but the remonstrances of a passenger who desired to take a train at the next station finally sent him back, reluctant, to his place and we proceeded. But at Monaco the rain had filled a switch with gravel, which proved too much for the intelligence and labor of the drivers and conductors of the half dozen cars which soon collected on either side, and as a term to the delay was not in sight we secured a cab for the last mile to Monte Carlo, and were finally deposited on the steps of the Casino an hour behind the schedule, but still with time enough for a stroll through the rooms and a delicious roast chicken at the Restaurant de Paris. Then back to the ship by train.

We agreed that, beautiful as were the rocks and bays and trees of the coast, and the wonderful colors of the water, the full beauty of the coast could be had only from the sea, and we felt that the traveller by

land should not be content to pass over the roads, but should also take a sailboat or a tug and go out to sea four or five miles for the large impression upon which the details could then be superimposed.

A calm kept us at anchor until the next afternoon (July 17th), then we beat slowly out of the harbor to meet our constant friend—the head wind. But it blew with some force and limited its antagonism to about two points, and it lasted two days, bringing us nearly to Minorca—260 miles—by the afternoon of the 19th. Then it fell too light for progress against the head sea, and we turned to pass north of the islands and had a fine view of them for two days. Minorca is a low plateau, bordered on the north by a sheer cliff. A conical mountain—Toro, 1700 feet high, rises near its centre, capped by an old castle, and widely visible. Majorca is much more mountainous and irregular; its north coast seemed utterly barren and desolate, of a gray or drab color, which yet appeared to be in great part vegetation. Only a few patches were recognized in the eastern half, but there seemed to be an abundance of them in the western portion. Only one small town was seen and a few scattered villages.

After a night's calm off the northwestern corner we turned to the south with a southeasterly wind, which turned the scales against a contemplated visit to Palma, and soon shifted enough to force us a little off the course toward the west, but we were able to turn it to advantage in the early evening by slipping through the narrow strait between Iviza and Formentera—the Fuo Grande—and moved on quietly through the night.



AN AUGUST GALE ON THE ATLANTIC

Two light days brought us to the coast of Spain, twenty miles north of Cape de Gata, and there began a long spell of calm and light winds with a contrary current, so that we spent eight days in covering the remaining two hundred miles to Gibraltar. On the afternoon of July 29th we sighted the Mount of Apes, and at sunset, when the haze lightened, we saw Gibraltar, forty miles distant, just as the sun sank with gorgeous coloring beside it. There was a breeze, too, and we went to our beds with orders to be called when off Europa Point. But four more nights were yet to pass before that order could be filled. A calm fell, and the next day and the next we drifted farther away; then a breeze enabled us to make the Spanish coast at Cape Calaburra, and we kept close to it thereafter, because we found that during part of the day the current ran westerly, the rate and duration increasing as we approached Gibraltar, and because there were a number of anchorages where we could hold on if necessary. Little by little we progressed along the coast, and the morning of August 3d found us opposite the north end of the Rock, moving southward with a light air and the current. As we reached Europa Point a tug came out, and the long journey—nearly seventeen days—was ended.

The coast of Spain, in sight for so many days, is very picturesque. The mountains are sharply outlined and show comparatively little weathering, the talus being quite low; at places strips of fertile plain lie between them and the sea, and behind are the higher ranges which, in the Sierra Nevada, reach heights of more than 11,000 feet, and still showed in August many patches of snow near their summits. The

coloring is gray, with occasionally a red tinge. The scattered towns and villages are glaringly white; the pine forests, the orchards, the brown hills from which the crops had been harvested, occasionally a tall chimney or a scour on the mountainside marking the site of a mine, and the many fishing-boats with their stubby, forward-tilted masts and lateen sails, gave interest and variety to the scene and mitigated the tedium of the delay.

The weather was more cool and comfortable than it had been in the central and northern parts of the Mediterranean; the sun was hot, and the awning was needed, but the air was fresh, and its temperature and that of the water was lower, 74° instead of 80° . Linen gowns gave place to cloth, wraps and rugs were welcome after sunset, and extra coverings at night, a welcome relief from our fear that we should find it warmer as we went south.

The sea, too, furnished more incident. We saw several whales, porpoises in large numbers, and many bonita, but only an occasional nautilus, and no jelly-fish. We saw several turtles and captured one. It was always so hazy that the details of the lower shore were unrecognizable at any distance, and within a hundred miles of Gibraltar there was considerable fog, but the sky was always clear and the stars brilliant.

The necessary work at Gibraltar was hurried through, and in the afternoon we crossed the bay to Algeciras to spend the night at the very comfortable Hotel Reina Cristina, to whose spacious, cool rooms, good table, and beautiful gardens we had long looked forward with impatience. Our recollection had not outgrown the reality, and even the blue bathtubs rose

to the level of cherished reminiscence. It was so pleasant that the stay was prolonged until after luncheon, even at the price of limiting the search in Gibraltar for lace and drawn-work to the afternoon hours.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

Everything was aboard by 7 P.M., August 4th, and shortly thereafter we started out under tow of a large ocean-going tug, to be taken about forty-five miles through the straits and left off Spartel or Trafalgar according to the wind. At three o'clock in the morning (August 5th) the tug left us eight miles northwest of Cape Spartel, and after we had lain nearly becalmed until noon a breeze came from the northwest, which enabled us nearly to lay a course for the Azores. It freshened and drew northerly, and then held so well that at noon, August 9th—we had covered over seven hundred miles and had passed four very enjoyable days. It was delightful to be back upon the ocean, to be refreshed by its breezes, to feel again the rush and swing of swift motion over the long rollers. Four days more of calm and light winds, generally easterly, brought us to a mooring inside the mole at Ponta Delgada, St. Michaels, at 2 P.M., August 13th,—one thousand miles from Gibraltar.

On the evening of the 11th we met with our only mishap. While going six knots with a smooth sea, the lashing of the spinnaker halyard block parted and the sail fell into the water; before the drag could be relieved by slacking the sheet the forward guy parted, and the boom, bringing up against the forerigging,

broke inboard. All was recovered without difficulty, and the boom was afterwards cut down to carry the small spinnaker.

The harbor of Ponta Delgada, formed by a mole still in course of extension, is long and narrow, with a central line of buoys to which ships moor, bow and stern. It has direct cable communication with Portugal, and through Fayal with the United States. There is provision, more or less regular and uncomfortable, for passengers to Portugal and England, but the better class go first to Madeira and connect there with the large liners. There is a quiet little hotel on the hillside at the south end of the town, where we went for breakfast, and found three or four Americans who were spending the summer in the island. The climate is said to be much like that of Madeira, and tuberculosis has not been introduced, as it is said to have been to a disturbing extent at the latter place.

There is not much to attract attention in the clean streets of the little town, and the high walls that border the roads in the adjoining country interfere considerably with the views. Of the Fayal lace and drawn-work we found nothing in the stores; it was said that the American trade takes the entire output and confines the manufacture almost entirely to the cheap patterns.

We sailed away on the afternoon of August 14th with a light southwesterly wind, headed for Sandy Hook, 2240 miles distant; we arrived there at day-break, September 3d, having travelled 2360 miles, the extra 120 being due to a long board to the northward made to cross the Gulf Stream just west of the Banks. This crossing was forced upon us by weather



THE GALE

conditions earlier than we had planned. During the first week we made 908 miles, with a maximum day's run of 240—the best of the trip; the second and third weeks were about 700 miles each. The winds in general were light and for only six days, all told, from the S.W. quadrant; most of the time we were able to lay the course. The weather was fine, with very little rain, except for one day when we passed through the right semicircle of a circular storm, and we had no fog, not even on our own coast.

The circular storm was met the morning of August 22d; it was the one which passed over New York, August 19th and 20th. The previous day we had been becalmed, barometer, 30.40; the wind came at midnight from the south-southwest and freshened steadily; at 8 A.M. the barometer had fallen to 30.12, and we put two reefs in mainsail and foresail and took the wind abeam. The sea got up fast, but the ship was taking it so easily and travelling so fast on her course withal, that it was decided to disregard the rule and keep on the port tack. The wind was shifting a little to the right, and it was evident we were not in the line of the centre's progress. At 11 A.M. the mainsail was taken in, and we continued with the sea abeam under the staysail and double-reefed foresail for six hours. It was really very exhilarating as confidence grew that the great seas were not coming aboard. They would rush up with the top curling well above our heads, and then slip under and pass to leeward without giving us more than the spindrift and an occasional bucketful. The lee rail of course, was often well under water, but there was no pitching and very little water coming in over the

bows. Some of the rolls to leeward were pretty heavy, and the ladies said that, while seated under the weather main rigging, they could often see the horizon well above the furled mainsail.

At 5 P.M., the barometer having meanwhile fallen to 29.82, came a furious squall, with rain and lightning, but without change of direction, and the stay-sail was taken in. It lasted for fifteen or twenty minutes; then the wind shifted to the northwest and held there through the night. At six o'clock we wore and hove-to on the starboard tack. During the squall the surface of the water was white with driving spray, whose impact stung the face. It looked like the street in a driving snowstorm. My limited experience contains no heavier blow, and it seems well worth going through to renew such complete confidence in the ability of the little boat to take care of herself and those entrusted to her. Both my officers, men of long experience in sailing vessels, said they had never seen her equal in a beam sea, and one of the quartermasters, who had been with us three years, broke in upon their eulogy with the assertion that in addition she would "stay" under a foresail alone.

At daylight the barometer began to rise and the wind and sea to fall, and by afternoon we were on our course again under full sail. In the night of the 26th and 27th we were again hove to for a few hours, and after that had only light winds.

Very few vessels were seen until after the meridian of Halifax had been passed and we had come into the west-bound steamer track. Nantucket Lightship was passed in the afternoon, September 1st, Fire Island the next evening, and Sandy Hook Lightship at day-



THE GALE

break on the 3d. After getting well within the bar a heavy fog set in, but on the west bank a tugboat came alongside, and the sails, which had carried us over so many thousand miles of water, were furled for the last time, and our cruise was ended.









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